

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

Nº. 10.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

THE CORSAIR OF THIS DAY CONTAINS:—

	Page.		Page.
Lady Bulwer's Cheveley.....	133	Charlotte Russe.....	156
Historical Ode.....	145	Death of Nourrit.....	160
The Fisherman.....	145	Recollection of Summer Mornings.....	160
Portraits by Lord Brougham.....	146	A visit to the grave of the late John	
Mr. Fox.....	146	Reeve.....	158
Franklin.....	147	A peep through my Opera glass.....	158
A West-Chester Man's Adventures with		Extension of Copyright.....	158
Peter Schlemihl.....	148	English Theatricals.....	157
The Gallery.....	152	The Park.....	157
The Courier.....	153	The National.....	157
Plunderings by the Way.....	155	The Bowery.....	157

HISTORICAL ODE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Call back the gorgeous Past !
 Lo, England white-robed for a holyday !
 While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
 Peals shout on shout along the Virgin's way,
 As through the swarming streets rolls on the long array.
 Mary is dead !—Look from your fire-won homes,
 Exulting martyrs !—on the mount shall rest
 Truth's ark at last ! the avenging Lutheran comes
 And clasps THE Book ye died for to her breast !
 With her, the flower of all the land,
 The high-born gallants ride,
 And, ever nearest of the band,
 With watchful eye and ready hand,
 Young Dudley's form of pride !
 Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,
 Love half allures the soul from power ;—
 And blushes, half suppress'd, betray
 The woman's hope and fear ;
 Like blooms which in the early May
 Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,
 And mark the mellowing year.—
 While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
 Less to the monarch than the maid,
 Melodious on the ear !
 Call back the gorgeous Past !
 The lists are set ; the trumpets sound,
 Bright eyes—sweet judges—thron'd around ;
 And stately on the glittering ground
 The old chivalric life !
 'Forward.'—The signal word is given—
 Beneath the shock the greensward shakes—
 The lusty cheer, the gleaming spear—
 The snow-plume's falling flakes—
 The fiery joy of strife !
 Thus, when, from out a changeful heaven
 O'er waves in eddying tumult driven
 A stormy smile is cast,
 Alike the gladsome anger takes
 The sunshine and the blast !—
 Who is the victor of the day !
 Thou of the delicate form, and golden hair,
 And manhood glorious in its midst of May ;—
 Thou who upon thy shield of argent, bearest
 The bold device, 'The Loftiest is the Fairest !'
 As bending low thy stainless crest,
 'The vestal throned by the west'
 Accords the old Provencal crown
 Which blends her own with thy renown ;—
 Arcadian Sidney—nursling of the Muse,
 Flower of fair chivalry, whose bloom was fed
 With daintiest Castaly's most silver dews,
 Alas ! how soon thy amaranth leaves were shed—
 Born, what, the Ausonian minstrel dream'd, to be
 Time's knightly Epic pass'd from earth with thee !
 Call back the gorgeous Past !
 Where, bright and broadening to the main,
 Rolls on the scornful river,—
 Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
 Our Marathon for ever !
 No breeze above, but on the mast
 The pennon shook as with the blast.
 Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
 O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,—
 Leapt the loud joy from earth to heaven,
 As, through the ranks asunder riven,
 The Warrior-woman rode !
 Hark, thrilling through the armed line
 The martial accents ring,
 'Though mine the woman's form—yet mine,

The heart of England's King !
 Woe to the Island and the Maid !
 The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade,
 His sons have caught the fiery zeal ;—
 The monks are merry in Castile ;
 Bold Parma on the Main ;
 And through the deep exulting sweep
 The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.—
 What meteor rides the sulphurous gale !
 The flames have caught the giant sail !
 Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow ;
 God and St. George for Victory now !
 Death in the Battle and the Wind—
 Carnage before and Storm behind—
 Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
 By Orkneys' rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless shore.
 Joy to the Island and the Maid !
 Pope Sixtus wept the Last Crusade ;
 His sons consum'd before his zeal,—
 The Monks are woeful in Castile ;—
 Your Monument the Main,
 The glaive and gale record your tale,
 Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain !

THE FISHERMAN.

From the German of Goethe

DER FISCHER.

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll,
 Ein Fischer sas dasan,
 Sah nach dem Angel ruhevoll,
 Kühl bis aus Herz hinan.
 Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,
 Theilt sich die Fluth empor,
 Aus dem bewegten Wasser rauscht'
 Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.
 Sie sang zu ihm, sie sprach zu ihm,
 Was lockst du meine Brut
 Mit Menschenwitz und Menschenlist
 Hinauf in Todesgluth !
 Ach ! wü'stzt du, wie's Fischlein-ist
 So wohl auf dem Grund,
 Du stiegst herunter wie du bist
 Und würdest erst gesund.
 Labt sich die liche Sonne nicht,
 Der Mond sich nicht in Meer ?
 Kehrt wellenathmend ihr Gesicht
 Nicht doppelt schöner her !
 Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
 Das feuchtverklärte Blau !
 Lockt dich dein eigen Angesicht !
 Nicht her in ew'gen Thau !
 Das Wasser raucht', das Wasser schwoll,
 Netzt ihm den nackten Fusz,
 Sein Herz wuchs ihm so sehnuchsvoll,
 Wie bei der Liebsten Grusz.
 Sie sprach zu ih, sie sang zu ihm ;
 Da war's um ihn geschehn :
 Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,
 Und ward nicht mehr gesehn.

TRANSLATION.

The water rush'd, the water swell'd,
 A fisherman sat near,
 And calmly on his angle gaz'd,
 His heart was free from care ;
 And as he sat, and as he watch'd,
 The waters parted wide,
 And from the foaming wave rush'd forth
 A humid water bride.
 She sung to him, she said to him,
 Why luresst thou my brood,
 With human art and human skill,
 To leave their native flood !
 Did'st thou but know their happiness,
 Their grotts and coral caves,
 Thoud'st come down e'en as thou art now
 And revel in the waves !
 Do not the lovely sun and moon
 Bathe in the misty spray,
 And rise bedeck'd with ocean dew,
 And twofold brighter ray !

O does not this deep heaven attract,
And this ethereal blue,
Nor thine own face entice thee down,
To th' everlasting dew!

The water rush'd, the water swell'd
And bathed his naked feet,
He felt as he had greeted been
By her he longed to meet;
She said to him, she sung to him,
But oh the fatal strain,
Half drew she him, half sunk he in,
And ne'er was seen again.

PORTRAITS BY LORD BROUGHAM.

From a Work just published in London.

MR. FOX.

The glory of Mr. Burke's career certainly was the American war, during which he led the Opposition in the House of Commons; until, having formed a successor more renowned than himself, he was succeeded rather than superseded in the command of that victorious band of the champions of freedom. This disciple, as he was proud to acknowledge himself, was Charles James Fox, one of the greatest statesmen, and if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs in any age of the world. To the profuse, the various learning of his master; to his exuberant fancy, to his profound and mature philosophy, he had no pretensions. His knowledge was confined to the ordinary accomplishments of an English education—intimate acquaintance with the classics; the exquisite taste which that familiarity bestows; and a sufficient knowledge of history. These stores he afterwards increased rather than diminished; for he continued to delight in classical reading; and added a minute and profound knowledge of modern languages, with a deep and accurate study of our own history, and the history of other modern states; insomuch that it may be questioned, if any politician in any age ever knew so thoroughly the various interests, and the exact position of all the countries with which his own had dealings to conduct, or relations to maintain. Beyond these solid foundations of oratory, and ample stores of political information, his range did not extend. Of natural science, of metaphysical philosophy, of political economy, he had not even the rudiments; and he was apt to treat those matters with the neglect, if not the contempt, which ignorance can rather account for than excuse. He had come far too early into public life to be well grounded in a statesman's philosophy; like his great rival, and indeed like most aristocratic politicians, who were described as "rocked and dandled into legislators" by one,* himself exempt from this defective education; and his becoming a warm partisan at the same early age, also laid the foundation of another defect, the making party principle the only rule of conduct, and viewing every truth of political science through this distorting and discolouring medium.

But if such were the defects of his education, the mighty powers of his nature often overcame them, always threw them into the shade. A preternatural quickness of apprehension, which enabled him to see at a glance what cost other minds the labor of an investigation, made all attainments of an ordinary kind so easy, that it perhaps disinclined him to those which not even his acuteness and strength of mind could master without the pain of study. But he was sure as well as quick; and where the heat of passion, or the prejudice of party, or certain little peculiarities of a personal kind,—certain mental idiosyncrasies in which he indulged, and which produced capricious fancies or crotchets,—left his faculties unclouded and unstunted, no man's judgment was more sound, or could more safely be trusted. Then, his feelings were warm and kindly; his temper was sweet though vehement; like that of all the Fox family, his nature was generous, open, manly; above everything like dissimulation or duplicity; governed by the impulses of a great and benevolent soul. This virtue, so much beyond all intellectual graces, yet bestowed its accustomed influence upon the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach of enlargement to which meaner natures are ever strangers. It was not more certain that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, the uncompromising enemy of craft and cruelty in all their forms,—from the corruption of the Treasury, and the severity of the penal code, up to the oppression of our American colonies and the African slave-traffic,—than that it should be enlarged and strengthened, made powerful in its grasp and consistent in its purpose, by the same admirable and amiable qualities which bent it always towards the right pursuit.

The great intellectual gifts of Mr. Fox, the robust structure of his faculties, naturally governed his oratory, made him singularly affect argument, and led him to a close grappling with every subject; despising all flights of imagination, and shunning everything collateral or discursive. This turn of mind, too, made him always careless of ornament, often negligent of accurate diction. There never was a greater mistake, as has already been remarked, than the fancying a close resemblance between his eloquence and that of Demosthenes; although an excellent judge (Sir James Mackintosh) fell into it, when he pronounced him the most Demosthenian speaker since Demosthenes. That he resembled his immortal predecessor in despising all useless ornament, and all declamation for declamation's sake, is true enough; but it applies to every good speaker as well as to those two signal ornaments of ancient and modern rhetoric. That he resembled him in keeping more close to the subject in hand, than many good and even great speakers have often done, may also be affirmed; yet this is far too vague and remote a likeness to justify the proposition in question; and it is only a difference in degree, and not a specific distinction between him and others. That his eloquence was fervid, rapid, copious, carrying along with it the minds of the audience, nor suffering them to dwell upon the speaker or the speech, but engrossing their whole atten-

* Mr. Burke.

tion, and keeping it fixed on the question, is equally certain; and is the only real resemblance which the comparison affords. But then the points of difference are as numerous as they are important, and they strike indeed upon the most cursory glance. The one was full of repetitions, recurring again and again to the same topic, nay, to the same view of it, till he had made his impression complete; the other never came back upon a ground which he had utterly wasted and withered up by the tide of fire he had rolled over it. The one dwelt at length, and with many words on his topics; the other performed the whole at a blow, sometimes with a word, always with the smallest number of words possible. The one frequently was digressive, even narrative and copious in illustration; in the other no deviation from his course was ever to be perceived; no disporting on the borders of his way, more than any lingering upon it; but carried rapidly forward, and without swerving to the right or to the left, like the engines flying along a railway, and like them driving everything out of sight that obstructed his resistless course. In diction as well as in thought the contrast was alike remarkable. It is singular that any one should have thought of likening Mr. Fox to the orator of whom the great Roman critic, comparing him with Cicero, has said so well and so judiciously—*In illo plus cura, in hoc plus natura*. The Greek was, of all speakers, the one who most carefully prepared each sentence; showing himself as sedulous in the collocation of his words as in the selection. His composition, accordingly, is a model of the most artificial workmanship; yet of an art so happy in its results that itself is wholly concealed. The Englishman was negligent, careless, slovenly beyond most speakers; even his most brilliant passages were the inspirations of the moment; and he frequently spoke for half an hour at a time, sometimes delivered whole speeches, without being fluent for five minutes, or, excepting in a few sound and sensible remarks which were interspersed, rewarding the hearer with a single redeeming passage. Indeed, to the last, he never possessed, unless when much animated, any great fluency; and probably despised it, as he well might, if he only regarded its effects in making men neglect more essential qualities,—when the curse of being *fluent speakers*, and nothing else, has fallen on them and on their audience. Nevertheless, that fluency—the being able easily to express his thoughts in correct words—is as essential to a speaker as drawing to a painter. This we cannot doubt, any more than we can refuse our assent to the proposition, that though merely giving pleasure is no part of an orator's duty, yet he has no vocation to give his audience pain:—which any one must feel who listens to a speaker delivering himself with difficulty and hesitation.

The practice of composition seems never to have been familiar to Mr. Fox. His speeches show this; perhaps his writings still more; because there, the animation of the momentary excitement which often carried him on in speaking had little or no play. One of his worst speeches, if not his worst, is that upon Francis, Duke of Bedford; and it is known to be almost the only one he had ever much prepared, and the only one he ever corrected for the press. His "History," too, shows the same want of expertness in composition. The style is pure and correct; but cold and lifeless; it is even somewhat abrupt and discontinuous; so little does it flow naturally or with ease. Yet, when writing letters without any effort, no one expressed himself more happily or with more graceful facility; and in conversation, of which he only partook when the society was small and intimate, he was a model of every excellence, whether solid or gay, plain or refined—full of information, witty and playful betimes, never ill-natured for a moment;—above all, never afraid of an argument, as so many eminent men are wont to be; but, on the contrary, courting discussion on all subjects, perhaps without much regard to their relative importance; as if reasoning were his natural element, in which his great faculties moved the most freely. An admirable judge, but himself addicted to reasoning upon general principles, the late Mr. Dumont used to express his surprise at the love of minute discussion, of argumentation upon trifling subjects, which this great man often showed. But the cause was clear; argument he must have; and as his studies, except upon historical and classical points, had been extremely confined, when matters of a political or critical cast were not on the carpet, he took whatever ordinary matter came uppermost, and made it the subject of discussion. To this circumstance may be added his playful good nature; which partook, as Mr. Gibbon observed, of the simplicity of a child; making him little fastidious and easily interested and amused.

Having premised all these qualifications, it must now be added, that Mr. Fox's eloquence was of a kind which, to comprehend, you must have heard himself. When he got fairly into his subject, was heartily warmed with it, he poured forth words and periods of fire that smote you, and deprived you of all power to reflect and rescue yourself, while he went on to seize the faculties of the listener, and carry them captive along with him whithersoever he might please to rush. It is ridiculous to doubt that he was a far closer reasoner, a much more argumentative speaker, than Demosthenes; as much more so as Demosthenes would perhaps have been than Fox, had he lived in our times, and had to address an English House of Commons. For it is the kindred mistake of those who fancy that the two were like each other, to imagine that the Grecian's orations are long chains of ratiocination, like Sir William Grant's arguments, or Euclid's demonstrations. They are close to the point; they are full of impressive allusions; they abound in expositions of the adversary's inconsistency; they are loaded with bitter invective; they never lose sight of the subject; and they never quit hold of the hearer, by the striking appeals they make to his strongest feelings and his favorite recollections: to the heart, or to the quick and immediate sense of inconsistency, they are always addressed, and find their way thither by the shortest and surest road; but to the head, to the calm and sober judgment, as pieces of argumentation, they assuredly are not addressed. But Mr. Fox, as he went along, and exposed absurdity, and made inconsistent arguments clash, and laid bare shuffling or hypocrisy, and showered down upon meanness, or upon cruelty, or upon oppression, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective, was ever forging also the long, and compacted, and massive chain of pure demonstration.

There was no weapon of argument which this great orator more happily or more frequently wielded than wit,—the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. It has been said

of him, we believe by Mr. Frere, that he was the wittiest speaker of his times; and these were the times of Sheridan and of Windham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's. There was nothing more awful in Mr. Pitt's sarcasm, nothing so vexatious in Mr. Canning's light and galling railery, as the battering and piercing wit with which Mr. Fox so often interrupted, but always supported, the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation.

In debate he had that ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantage to be taken of it, which is, in the war of words, what the *coup d'aile* of a practised general is in the field. He was ever best in reply: his opening speeches were almost always unsuccessful: the one in 1805, upon the Catholic Question, was a great exception; and the previous meditation upon it, after having heard Lord Grenville's able opening of the same question in the House of Lords, gave him much anxiety: he felt exceedingly nervous, to use the common expression. It was a noble performance, instinct with sound principle; full of broad and striking views of policy; abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice; and bold assertions of right; in one passage touching and pathetic,—the description of a Catholic soldier's feelings on reviewing some field where he had shared the dangers of the fight, yet repined to think that he could never taste the glories of command. His greatest speeches were those in 1791, on the Russian armament, on Parliamentary reform in 1797, and on the renewal of the war in 1803. The last he himself preferred to all the others; and it had the disadvantage, if it be not, however, in another sense, the advantage, of coming after the finest speech, excepting that on the slave trade, ever delivered by his great antagonist. But there are passages in the earlier speeches,—particularly the fierce attack upon Lord Auckland in the Russian speech,—and the impressive and vehement summary of our failings and our misgovernment in the Reform speech, which it would be hard to match even in the speech of 1803. But for the inferiority of the subject, the speech upon the Westminster Scrutiny in 1784 might perhaps be justly placed at the head of them all. The surpassing interest of the question to the speaker himself; the thorough knowledge of all its details possessed by his audience, which made it sufficient to allude to matters and not to state them; the undeniably strong grounds of attack which he had against his adversary; all conspire to make this great oration as animated and energetic throughout, as it is perfectly felicitous both in the choice of topics and the handling of them. A fortunate cry of "Order," which he early raised in the very exordium, by affirming that "far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for bare justice from the house," gave him occasion for dwelling on this topic, and pressing it home with additional illustration; till the redoubled blows and repeated bursts of extemporaneous declamation almost overpowered the audience, while they wholly bore down all further interruption. A similar effect is said to have been produced by Mr. (now Lord) Plunket, in the Irish House of Commons, upon some one calling out to take down his words. "Stop," said this consummate orator, "and you shall have something more to take down;" and then followed in a torrent, the most vehement and indignant description of the wrongs which his country had sustained, and had still to endure.

In most of the external qualities of oratory, Mr. Fox was certainly deficient, being of an unwieldy person, without any grace of action, with a voice of little compass, and which, when pressed in the vehemence of his speech, became shrill almost to a cry or squeak; yet all this was absolutely forgotten in the moment when the torrent began to pour. Some of the under tones of his voice was peculiarly sweet; and there was even in the shrill and piercing sounds which he uttered when at the more exalted pitch, a power that thrilled the heart of the hearer. His pronunciation of our language was singularly beautiful, and his use of it pure and chaste to severity. As he rejected, from the correctness of his taste, all vicious ornaments, and was most sparing, indeed, in the use of figures at all; so, in his choice of words, he justly shunned foreign idiom, or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages; and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in writing and in speaking.

If from the orator we turn to the man, we shall find much more to blame and to lament, whether his private character be regarded or his public; but for the defects of the former, there are excuses to be offered, almost sufficient to remove the censure, and leave the feeling of regret entire and alone. The foolish indulgence of a father, from whom he inherited his talents certainly, but little principle, put him, while yet a boy, in the possession of pecuniary resources which cannot safely be trusted to more advanced stages of youth; and the dissipated habits of the times drew him, before the age of manhood, into the whirlpool of fashionable excess. In the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century, in writing a history of the Roman empire, to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house; or rather as if he had not outlived his childish years.

The historian of a character so attractive, the softer features of which present a rare contrast to the accustomed harshness of political men, is tempted to extend the same indulgence, and ascribe the errors of the statesman to the accidents of his position, or the less lofty tone of principle which distinguished the earlier period of his public life, while his principles of conduct were forming and ripening. The great party, too, which he so long led with matchless personal influence, would gladly catch at such means of defence; but as the very same measure of justice or of mercy must be meted out to the public conduct of Mr. Pitt, his great rival, there would be little gain to party pride by that sacrifice of principle which could alone lead to such unworthy concessions. It is of most dangerous example, of most corrupting tendency, ever to let the faults of statesmen

pass uncensured; or to treat the errors or the crimes which involve the interests of millions with the same indulgence towards human frailty which we may, in the exercise of charity, show towards the more venial transgressions that only hurt an individual; most commonly only the wrong-doer himself. Of Mr. Fox it must be said, that whilst his political principles were formed upon the true model of the Whig School, and led him, when combined with his position as opposing the government's warlike and oppressive policy, to defend the liberty of America, and support the cause of peace both in that and the French war, yet he constantly modified these principles, according to his own situation and circumstances as a party chief; making the ambition of the man and the interest of his followers the governing rule of his conduct. The charge is a grave one; but unhappily the facts fully bear it out.

On one great subject his sense of right, no less than his warm and humane feelings, kept him invariably true to the great principles of justice as well as policy. His attachment was unceasing, and his services invaluable to the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which his last accession to office certainly accelerated by several years. For this, and for his support of Lord Erskine in his amendment of the Law of Libel, the lasting gratitude of his country and of mankind is due; and to the memory of so great and so amiable a man it is a tribute which will for ever be cheerfully paid. But to appreciate the gratitude which his country owes him, we must look, not to his ministerial life; we must recur to his truly glorious career as leader of the patriot band which, during the almost hopeless struggle from 1793 to 1801 upheld the cause of afflicted Freedom. If to the genius and the courage of Erskine we may justly be said to owe the escape from proscription and from arbitrary power, Fox stands next to him as the preserver of that sacred fire of liberty which they saved to blaze forth in happier times. Nor could even Erskine have triumphed as he did, had not the party which Fox so nobly led persevered in maintaining the sacred warfare, and in rallying around them whatever was left of the old English spirit to resist oppression.

FRANKLIN.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor Printer's boy who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Courts, or assist at the Councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoiled by the enjoyment of them than this common workman did when negotiating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors, by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries, by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negotiator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in work-shops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His whole course both in acting and in speculation was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and the shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order;

and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence upon business, whether private or on state affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any state papers surpass in dignity and impression, those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophising was the purest application of the Inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt it would have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms. But of all this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest. The phrase which he once used when interrupted in his proceedings upon the most arduous and important affairs, by a demand of some petty item in a long account,—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn,"—has been cited against him as proving the laxity of his dealings when in trust of public money; it plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that in a country abounding in discussion, and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was everything that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would be reckoned by many a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, (Frederick the Great,) who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous indeed, between the Monarch and the Printer.

A WEST-CHESTER MAN'S ADVENTURES WITH PETER SCHLEMIHL.

[It would not in the least surprise us, if some of those wise, sleepless conservators of the press, so prone to take articles from our pages and credit them with all their alterations—cutting's down, and new headings, to various Foreign Journals, should seize on the following amusing phantasy and attribute it with their wonted wisdom, to some European pen. "An they do" it will none the less amuse *our* readers, for we are sure they never saw *this* before.]

I had for some days felt myself a little out of sorts, and had suffered from a peculiar acidity of the stomach, and flying pains about my ankles and toes, which I considered to be rheumatic; and as I have always found in any ailment that ever afflicted me, that a few days relaxation and residence by the sea-side was an infallible restorative, I laid a formal statement of my case before my wife, and with her permission determined to make a holiday, and fairly run away from business; and to domicile myself, and my acidities, and my aches, in her company, in one of the comfortable rooms of the Hotel at Hoboken, on the banks of the Hudson, opposite to New York.

This is not, perhaps, a very usual or a very agreeable time of the year to visit the sea-side, but to me the sea air never comes amiss; and, as I have long had experience of the comforts of the hotel where we had concluded to sojourn, my determination to go there was not suspended for one moment by any impertinent reflection, that it was much nearer to the winter than to the summer solstice.

When people are in earnest in their determination to travel, short preparation suffices; and, in a very few hours after I had obtained my wife's consent to migrate, we left our pleasant house in the interior of West Chester and were seated in an easy gig, rolling along a smooth road, at the top speed of a good horse, making the best of our way to the nearest railway station.

Once on the railway, a journey from that part of the country to New York is an affair of almost a few minutes; and, barring an accident,—such as blowing up a civil engineer or two, or running against a contra train, and

smashing two or three carriages, and pounding and compounding the passengers, no time is offered for adventure.

It will, therefore, not be a matter for surprise that I and my wife arrived at New York without the occurrence of anything extraordinary; and, as we are both well acquainted with that place, we made no stay there, but, putting ourselves on the deck of a Ferry-Boat, were shortly afterwards landed on the wharf at Hoboken.

We were soon seated in a comfortable room in the hotel, with a fine glowing fire, and in a condition to order and enjoy a good dinner! with which, at this house, even a gourmand may be provided to his satisfaction at any time on short notice.

But Mr. Swift is celebrated for the preparation of that savory article, turtle soup; and, as I entertain for it a respect amounting almost to veneration, I introduced my dinner with the usual modicum of it, following it with a glass of punch—for, according to my creed, the man is a noodle that swallows not punch with his turtle!

Other substantial matters followed, all good in their way, consisting of fish, flesh, vegetables, and pastry; and my wife and I, after dining sumptuously, cracked a few walnuts, and drank a little of the excellent wine that was placed before us, and felt more disposed to fall into a doze than to remove from our quarters.

I arose the next morning, better in my own estimation for even my single night's sojourn near the sea; and I walked on the noble river bank, and enjoyed with a glowing feeling of delight, the beautiful scenery of this beautiful place.

Immediately in front of our sitting-room window is the extensive and important city of New York, with her long line of warehouses, her spires, and domes, and towers, and, more than all, her slips and quays, and her forest of masts, bespeaking an extended intercourse with all the nations of the earth, and exhibiting in herself no ignoble epitome of the immense trade of America!

Looking towards the South is a view, extending seawards, varied every moment by the transit of vessels, of all sorts and sizes, struggling to enter into, or to go forth from, the port, with here and there a little boat and its crew, apparently wrestling with the waves for a very existence; whilst to the North is a milder scene—the river appearing to form a smooth lake, surrounded with smiling scenery, and bearing on its bosom hundreds of bird-like schooners and river craft of every description, constructed for the purpose of conveying the produce of the peaceful and quiet country to the bustling and important place where commerce has erected her ever busy throne; and immediately before our hotel flows the majestic stream which causes the bustle, and animation, and prosperity of all around.

It is a scene I believe scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere; that happy mixture of rurality and business—of country and of town—that realization of simply looking on and almost acting in the scene—that all persons who have once enjoyed it must remember it with satisfaction and delight.

I rambled about the whole of that day, inhaling the breeze from the sea, but by no means getting rid either of the acidity of my stomach, or the rheumatic sensations in my feet; and I went into the hotel at five o'clock, prepared again to partake of the good cheer provided by our Host in the shape of a dinner.

I again encountered the steam of my turtle soup, and luxuriated on the green fat, and washed down the last luscious spoonful with a glass of punch, and again there followed those good things which are always to be found in the *cuisine* of the Hoboken hotel.

I had, in the course of my rambling, met with a friend who had accompanied me to dinner, and he spent the evening with me over some excellent port and a cigar, and telling old tales of bygone times, until, in our very thoughtlessness I believe, the third bottle had disappeared ere either of us were aware.

The following morning again found me on the river bank, encountering the breeze in pursuit of health; but, by some means or other, I felt more out of order that morning than previously, and I had a considerable increase of pain in my feet.

I hobbled about during the day and retired to the hotel at night, in the hope that a basin of turtle, followed by such other agreeables as the attention of my wife was certain to provide, would have the effect of restoring me to my usual state.

I had the turtle, and it was, if possible, more delicious that day than previously; and I followed it, according to my custom, with a glass of punch. My wife had ordered a small turbot and lobster sauce, with a roasted pig; of both of which I ate well, and afterwards some pastry. I mention these matters so minutely, on account of a difference of opinion that exists betwixt my medical attendant and myself.

The cloth was withdrawn, and I was in a state of perfect satisfaction and repose, and felt myself completely free from all the maladies of life! My wife drank her usual glass, and I drank two or three from the bottle of excellent old port that stood on the table; and, after a vain effort at conversation, my wife put on her spectacles, and took up the newspapers.

I philosophised awhile, occasionally sipping my wine, and at length observed the newspaper gradually lowering from my wife's hands, whilst her head also declined; and her spectacles dropped from her face to her lap, and her cap very soon followed—she was asleep!

I took another glass of wine, and my thoughts having been previously engaged in a speculation on the results of steam, I resumed the train of my musing.

I mentally compared the rate of travelling before and since the adaptation of steam to travelling purposes. I contemplated the future speed at which we might arrive, and saw time and distance perfectly annihilated—traversed the distance from America to China betwixt breakfast and dinner—and slept one night at London, and the next at Moscow. I considered the advantages that would result to mankind from a more rapid transit of the products of the earth; and saw turtles one day floating off the Island of Ascension, and the next served up to lunch in the shape of soup at the Hoboken Hotel. I then discussed, learnedly, the various preparations of that delicate animal, and the imitations that have in vain been made of it, and seriously doubted whether or not its municipal use was known to the ancients. I had a strong notion that the savory meat made by Esau for his

father was in fact no other than mock turtle; and was engaged in considering what sort of mock turtle could be manufactured of venison or kid—when I was aware of the door of our sitting room gently opening, and a tall gentlemanly looking man entered, dressed in black!

He advanced to the table, and, nodding familiarly, helped himself to a glass of wine.

"Do you know me?" said he.

"No," said I.

"I thought as much," he replied. "I am Peter Schlemihl—do you know me now?"

"Peter Schlemihl!" I answered. "Oh yes—I have heard of you;" but I could not at the moment recollect whether he was the man without a shadow or the man with a cork leg.

A reflection passed through my mind, that there was rather an absence of ceremony in his introduction, but I asked him to be seated and inquired his business with me.

"I am come," said he, "to take a walk with you—do you know New York?"

I was not at that moment disposed to take a walk, and a certain rheumatic twinge in my feet gave me to understand that a walk would, at that time, be particularly disagreeable, for which reason, and because I was conscious of something like a repulsive feeling against the man, I resolved, although I am intimately acquainted with almost every nook and corner in New York, to deny my knowledge of the place, and to tell Mr. Schlemihl a plain lie.

"Mr. Schlemihl," said I—

"Don't mister me," he replied; "my name is Peter—Peter Schlemihl. But do you know New York?"

"No," said I, bolting out the lie at once.

"I thought so, and for that reason I have called upon you to take a short walk there. I have an hour to spare, and I believe you like turtle, and there are several houses in New York where turtle is dressed to a perfection that would raise a chuckle in the gullet of an expiring alderman. So come along."

I pointed to my wife. "Pooh!" said he, "we shall be back before she awakens;—so, come along."

The bell, announcing the departure of the ferry-boat, at that moment rang, and Peter Schlemihl reaching my hat and gloves, put the former on my head, and gave it a whack, by way of settling it firmly down, and taking me by the arm, I felt no power to resist; but almost instantly found myself on board the boat, sailing on my way to New York in company with Peter Schlemihl.

In a few seconds we were across the river and landed on the dock; but, in stepping ashore, some villain with an iron heel to his boot, gave my toes such a squeeze that I almost screamed with agony. Peter saw my distress, and putting an arm through one of mine, "never mind," said he, "I'll provide you with consolation; and almost before I had time to ask whether we were going, I found myself seated with him in a room in the Terrapin Lunch.

Sandy Welsh was the very pink of civility, and the waiters appeared to know Peter Schlemihl well, and seemed to understand his very looks; for, although I did not hear him give any order, and although I certainly gave none, two plates of rich turtle were almost instantly before us, accompanied with lemon, cayenne, punch, &c.

"I have dined," said I, as I almost mechanically took a spoonful; but that spoonful sufficed to drive away all remembrance of my pain, and all recollection of my dinner. It was delectable; and we ladled away with the gusto of men tasting turtle for the last time.

"How do you like it?" said Peter, when I had finished.

"It is admirable," I replied; "who could help liking it?"

"Well," said he, "if you are satisfied, put the spoon in your pocket, and let us march."

"The spoon in my pocket!" I answered; "do you wish me to be taken up as a thief?"

"Quite a matter of taste," said Peter Schlemihl; "suppose you had swallowed it by accident—and you opened a mouth wide enough to have admitted a soup-ladle, putting a simple spoon out of the question—suppose you had swallowed it by accident, could you have been successfully accused of theft? And where is the difference to Sandy Welsh, betwixt your putting his spoon in your stomach by accident, and putting it in your pocket by design? In either case, I take it, the loss to him would be pretty much the same; so the difference, you see, is but in words;—but come along."

So saying, he again put my hat on my head, giving it a thump as before, and putting my gloves in my hand, I was was presently walking in his company, at a quick rate, towards the Exchange, without having any clear idea of the way in which we left the turtle room in the Terrapin Lunch.

To my surprise, the daylight still continued—people were passing backwards and forwards, and appeared to be in all the hurry and bustle of mid-day business; though, from the hour, I expected to see the gas in full blaze, and the streets deserted of their mercantile population.

"Is it not a handsome pile of buildings?" said Peter Schlemihl, after he had led me round the area of the Exchange buildings, and pointed out each and every part worth notice.

"Will it not be a handsome pile of building?" said he.

"It will undoubtedly be very handsome," I replied, "and does great credit to the place, but as a piece of architecture, it is by no means perfect; and"—

"For mercy's sake," said Peter, "don't turn critical! If you do, I will desert you. I have known many critics in my time, but I never knew but one sensible man of the craft; and he lived to regret his taste as a misfortune."

Peter's motions were so rapid, that, without perfectly understanding the course of our progress, I found that we were almost instantly walking up and down the news-room, bustling through the dense throng of merchants, brokers, dealers, captains, Christians, Jews, Turks, and men of all occupations—all nations—all creeds—and all colors.

Things bore an appearance of importance, for foreign news had arrived

of great and overwhelming interest. Grave-looking men, with sage and anxious faces, were poring upon the newspapers at the various tables, intent to know the news of the day; whilst those who could not obtain access to a desk, were greedily swallowing the intelligence that could be collected from some loquacious friend.

To my consternation I saw Schlemihl—my companion, Peter Schlemihl!—take the newspapers from the different stands, and put them in his pocket; and, to my equal consternation, I saw him take from another pocket other papers, which he laid before the readers with such adroitness, that the exchange was not perceived; but a man who had an instant before been reading of some disastrous event, now smiled and chuckled as he read that even his best hopes were more than realized. I trembled lest my companion should be detected, for some in the room knew me!

At length the natural result arrived. Men met, and gave different versions of news from the same papers; for Peter's papers did not appear to have been all printed at one press. Contradiction begat argument, to which warm words succeeded, and, in a very few minutes, almost every man in the room was engaged in dispute; and as they were all talkers and no hearers, Peter Schlemihl took me by the arm, and walked to the City Hall, saying, as we went, "the money-changers, and the dealers in gums and in spices, and in oils and in hides, and in cotton and in fine wool, have forgotten their commissions and their per centages for to-day."

We walked into the beautiful and capacious rooms, and admired many of the noble portraits hanging against the walls.

We walked out upon the roof; and, after looking for some time at the panoramic scene presented to our view, Peter Schlemihl excited my surprise, and, in some measure, my alarm, by climbing, by some means or other—but which means I do not to the present hour perfectly comprehend—outside the dome to where the statue of Justice stands alone in her glory supporting the unerring scales.

Some seconds elapsed before I durst look at him, for I expected him to drop at my feet a dead and unsightly mass!

I heard a chuckle and a laugh, and, looking up, I saw Peter Schlemihl quietly standing by the side of Justice, with one arm round her waist, and looking up into her face with a good-humored smile, as if he had been saying something arch and amusing; and she—that deceitful woman, that I always looked upon as a cold composition—was laughing outright at Peter's fun! She even leered at him! But my indignation knew no bounds when I saw Peter Schlemihl take from his pocket a meerschaum, and very calmly fill it and light it, and after taking a few whiffs to see that it was thoroughly ignited, put it in the mouth of Justice, who began to smoke with all the force and energy of an old fishwife, gently saying, as she began, "Thank you, Peter!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" I called out—"Peter Schlemihl! come down this instant, and do not take such liberties with that lady. If you do not come down directly I will inform the Mayor and Corporation, and they will punish you well for your impudence! They will take you before Mr. Merritt, the magistrate, and he is not a man to allow ladies to be trifled with."

Before I had well concluded the sentence, Peter Schlemihl came sliding down the dome, and dropped directly upon my toes, so that I was put to more pain than even when leaving the ferry-boat.

"It was an accident," said Peter, "quite an accident! and cannot be helped; but a little exercise will take away the pain."

To try the experiment, he put his arm within mine, and away he travelled, at a furious rate, towards the Menagerie.

"Step into that cellar," said he, as we were posting along, "and buy me a sixpence worth of nuts—that's a good fellow—and then go into that shop," pointing to one, "and buy me a shilling's worth of bird-lime—and if you like it, you may put it in your breeches pocket."

"Nuts and bird-lime!" I answered, "and put it in my breeches pocket!—indeed, I shall do no such thing—these are the only pair of trousers I have with me!—but what are you going to do with bird-lime! surely you are not going a bird-catching!"

"Never you mind," said he; "will you fetch the articles, or not?"

"No," I answered, "I will not."

"A word of that sort's enough," said Schlemihl—"don't trouble yourself to say anything more"—and slipping into the cellar, he presently emerged with his hat half-full of nuts, and afterwards going into the shop he had pointed out, he returned from it, rolling betwixt his hands a large ball of something like shoemaker's wax.

"Here they are," said Peter—"and now for the Menagerie!"

On arriving there, Peter Schlemihl picked up a bit of printed paper, which he palmed upon the porter for an order, and by some legerdemain of his, we were presently inside, cheek by jowl with a blue-faced baboon. On going round, he stopped where a lot of monkeys were confined in a large cage, and Peter smiled at the sight.

"Ah, Jacko! Jacko!" said he, pitching two or three nuts amongst the solemn-looking assembly. Instantly the whole body was in confusion, leaping, squealing, and snatching after the nuts. He threw another nut, which was caught by a youngster, from whom it was snatched by an older and more experienced thief. Another and another nut followed, and the same scene was repeated; and the sagacious brutes, seeing that Peter was the only man in the nut market, watched his every motion with intense interest.

He continued to coquette with the monkeys for some time, and succeeded in establishing a very free and very friendly intercourse betwixt himself and them. At length, I saw him rolling a nut about betwixt his hands—he showed it to the monkeys, who all sprang upon their haunches, ready to seize their prize, their eyes glistening like glow-worms with eagerness. He affected to throw it!—they all jumped against each other to the quarter where they expected it to come. Again he showed the nut, and then, after exciting their attention to the utmost, he threw it amongst them.

There was the deuce of a scuffle in the cage, and the prize was seized by a veteran old monkey, who ran into a corner of the cage to secure it: but, alas! he had no bargain; for, after giving it a squeeze or two, he found his jaws almost fastened together, and gave a fearful squeal. Another monkey seized the nut, and pulled away, until he got something in his mouth, which united him by a string to the first monkey.

Peter Schlemihl threw another nut, and after that another, and another, and the monkeys became like so many infuriated demons, scratching, biting, tearing, and squealing, in their vain endeavors to extricate themselves from Peter's nuts, which, instead of being pure Barcelonas, were nothing more or less than veritable bird-lime.

They tugged and tore to get it out of their mouths, and as all hands were engaged in snatching and tearing from each other, and, in doing so, skipped and jumped about in all directions, the whole chattering fraternity became completely enveloped in a netting of bird-lime, and made a noise and a riot, such as never before was heard, even in rooms devoted to zoology.

The clamor and confusion of those brutes collected together all the keepers and all the company; and great indeed was the indignation and distress of the former on finding the dirty and adhesive dilemma in which the unfortunate monkeys were placed. A week's holiday they said, would be necessary in the monkey department, in order to rid them of their netting of bird-lime.

They began to institute enquiries as to the author of the mischief; and Peter Schlemihl, hearing those enquiries take rather a personal turn towards himself, again took my arm, and before I was aware whither we were going, Peter and I were *tete-a-tete* with the lion.

"He is a noble animal!" said I.

"He's up to snuff," said Peter.

He then insinuated his box of Lundy Foot, without the lid, cautiously into the lion's cage, gently obtruding it upon the lion's notice with the end of his stick.

The lion, on seeing it, went leisurely to it, and took a hearty sniff, as if he had been a snuff-taker from his infancy—the cage echoed with a tremendous sneeze, and presently with another, and a third; and he then shook his head, and his eyes watered, and he looked very like an old gentleman maudlin drunk. Again he sneezed, and being impatient at the pungency and inconvenience, he gave vent to his anger in a fearful roar, which attracted the attention of keepers and visitors, and induced them to come towards us.

Peter Schlemihl observed their movement, and, again taking me by the arm, said "It is time to be going;" and instantly we were by the side of the ostrich.

"This," said he, "is a gentleman of good appetite and strong digestion, so I will give him something to exercise both," taking from his pocket the head of a hammer, and pitching it into the cage as we passed it.

We then came to the elephant, and as he held out his huge trunk, moving it about, expecting a cake or some other thing edible, Peter Schlemihl pricked him severely with the point of his penknife.

Suddenly I heard a fearful crash, and perceived that the elephant had broken down his inclosure, and was rushing towards us in the wildest fury imaginable.

I turned and ran, endeavoring to make my escape, but such was my fear and trepidation, that my knees failed me, and I could not get forward. I seemed to be rooted to the spot!

I saw Peter Schlemihl—the wicked Peter Schlemihl!—pass me! He looked like an overgrown kangaroo, and appeared to bound away from the spring of his tail, with the speed of a Congreve rocket. I heard the elephant coming after me, bearing down every thing in his course. I heard all his keepers, and all his visitors, in full chase. I felt the elephant breathe upon me, and, falling down with absolute terror, I felt him pass over me in pursuit of his tormentor, Peter Schlemihl, and, as one of his feet pressed with agonizing weight upon mine, I fainted and became insensible to all that was passing.

Some good persons, I believe, took me out of the rooms, and placed me in safety; and I gradually recovered and proceeded to make the best of my way to Hoboken.

I was going along in a very melancholy mood, when I felt a slap on my shoulder, and Peter Schlemihl was walking by my side, apparently as indifferent as if nothing had occurred.

"That old savage got vexed!" said he.

"Indeed," I replied, "he might well—I hope he caught you, and rewarded you for your folly."

"Thanks for your good wishes," said Peter, drily, "but you see I have escaped. I made a sudden turn and got amongst the crowd of pursuers, and by that means I blinked him;—but where do you think you are going to?"

"I am going to Hoboken," I answered.

"Indeed, my good fellow, you are not at present," said Peter; "I wish to take a turn in the market and you must go with me."

In vain I remonstrated—he had hold of my arm, and I felt myself irresistibly compelled to accompany him.

We strolled towards that capacious and convenient market, in Fulton-street. We entered and found it crowded; and in lounging round, Peter asked the price of every thing from every body, and gave an order to every trader in the place. He bought of all things, from a cocoa-nut to a round of beef, and pressed into the service every carrier about the market.

As we proceeded, he nodded to one, winked at another, and spoke to a third, and used such familiarities to all, that I quite expected to see him handed out of the market by the police; but he was suffered to proceed without interruption, appearing to possess a license for doing impertinent things that would not be tolerated in any other person.

At length we stopped opposite to the establishment of Miss Hetty Taylor, the good-looking green-grocer, that once on a time received an aristocratic kiss from the Mayor, in the face of the whole market.

To that place he was followed by all the tradespeople from whom he had made purchases, all desirous to be paid for their goods; and by all the bearers of the articles he had purchased, desirous to know to what place they were to convey their burdens.

On reaching Miss Hetty Taylor's establishment, Peter Schlemihl, after politely bowing to that lady, picked out a quantity of turnips, took out a knife, and in an incredibly short space of time, hollowed them out—cutting features in the sides of them with surprising celerity—and converted them into genuine, orthodox turnip lanterns.

How he managed to put lights in them, I don't know, but lighted they all were; and then Peter Schlemihl began to throw them about like the balls of the Indian jugglers! and away they whirled, in incredible numbers and with astonishing velocity!

The crowd was for a time delighted with the gyrations of the turnip lanterns; but, in the course of their whirling about, first one gaping spectator, and then another, received a violent blow on the face, which terminated his satisfaction.

From being anxious spectators, they became violent assailants, and seizing any thing they could lay their hands on, they began to pelt Peter Schlemihl. He actively avoided their missiles, and seemed, by his surprising agility, to multiply himself into a dozen men; and seizing the different articles in the carriers' baskets, he set them all in motion in like manner to his turnip lanterns; and so rapid was he in catching and throwing the different articles of flying artillery, that they appeared to possess a perpetual motion, after being once projected from his hands.

All parties now joined in the *melée*, and threw things about with frightful activity; and turnips, carrots, potatoes, geese, ducks, poultry, legs and ribs of beef, cow-heels, pig's heads and feet, eggs, red herrings, and dried bacon, glided through the air with the speed of the wind, crossing and twisting about in all directions, and now and then coming in no pleasant contact with the heads of innocent spectators.

In the mean-time, so deeply and earnestly were all parties engaged, that the commencement of the scuffle was forgotten, as well as all remembrance of its originator, and Peter Schlemihl, pinching my arm, smiled, and said,—“Come, I think the poor people are all got into employment! let us begone!” and so saying, we were forthwith in the street.

We made our exit at the side next to the fish-market, which we entered, and walked round, admiring the beautiful fish that was spread so temptingly on the stalls.

“What do you think of that?” said Peter Schlemihl, pointing with his walking-stick to a large salmon that lay quietly before us.

“He is a fine fellow,” I answered, “and the sight of him would be enough to transfix a gourmand with delight.”

Peter gave it a rap with the end of his stick, upon which it flapped, and sprang up nearly to the ceiling, throwing somersets in its progress; and, whilst I was watching its extraordinary motions in perfect amazement, Peter Schlemihl was running round the market striking the fish with his stick, and making them all leap and spring, so that the place appeared more like a piscatory ball-room than a well-ordered market.

The fishwomen and their assistants were all in alarm for their property; and whilst they ran about securing what they could, they treated Peter Schlemihl with such a sample of Billingsgate as I had never before heard; and, fearing that I should come in for some portion of their favors, I ran out of the market with all my might, inwardly, but very heartily and sincerely, bestowing Peter Schlemihl upon the devil, or any other personage that would accept so troublesome a gift.

I was going along at a hasty pace, grumbling and muttering curses on myself for having been so great a fool as to trust my unfortunate person with so mercurial a companion, when I felt an arm thrust within mine, and, turning my head, I saw Peter Schlemihl!

“Those were lively dogs,” said he, “were they not? They gave very animated proofs of being fresh!”

“Oh, Peter Schlemihl! Peter Schlemihl!” said I, “how can you behave so! How can you think of bringing me—an innocent as I am—into these troublesome rows and scrapes? My feet are so painful that I can scarcely put one before the other; and yet, not satisfied with wheeling me here to take a walk, as you pretended, you have kept me in continued crowds, and dangers, and difficulties; and if you proceed, even if I should escape with my life, which is hardly probable, it is more than I can possibly expect, to escape being locked up by the police as being drunk and disorderly, and taken before Mr. Justice Bloodgood to-morrow morning, to answer for your atrocious delinquencies.—Oh, Peter Schlemihl, I wish I had never seen you!”

We walked along very moodily, without exchanging another word, and without the way we were taking being observed by me, until we found ourselves opposite Downing's in Broad Street.

“Do you know that person?” said Peter Schlemihl, nodding towards the jolly looking landlord, who was standing there gazing at his house—“do you know that person?”

I knew him well enough, but I was determined to preserve my consistency, so I bluntly answered, “No.”

“It is Downing, the landlord of that house,” said he, “a fine fellow. Well, Downing,” addressing him, “how do! Trying to find out a spot where you can hang more oyster shells on your house? Eh! Master Downing, devilish fond of oyster shells, Downing.”

Downing smiled, and gave a knowing look, which said, as plainly as look could say, “Ah, Master Peter Schlemihl! no amendment on your manners since I saw you last.”

We entered the house, and Peter Schlemihl appeared to be as well known, and as well attended to by the waiters there, as he had before been at the Terrapin Lunch. I heard no order given, and gave none myself; but I suppose some sign or token must have passed from Peter, for presently I sniffed the fumes of savory turtle, and a couple of plates, with the usual appendages, were smoking on the table before us.

The turtle was exquisite, and there can be no wonder that, after the troubles and fatigues that I had undergone in company with Peter Schlemihl, I enjoyed my plate, and drained off my glass of punch, with almost more than my usual gratification.

“Come,” said Peter Schlemihl, when we had finished our turtle, with an air of command, that, on two or three occasions, I had observed him to assume towards me, but the repetition of which was not a bit more agreeable because I had previously observed it,—“Come,” said he, “time for us to trudge.”

“I have trudged enough,” I replied, “and am not disposed to trudge any more.”

“You are not?” said he.

I looked a positive confirmation of the statement.

"Waiter!" he called out, "fetch me the policeman—this fellow's about to turn stupid on my hands."

"What the deuce do you mean by a policeman?" I said, or rather shouted, with some alarm: for, although I stated that I could expect no other than to be locked up by the police, yet I felt any thing but a wish to accelerate the attentions of that assiduous fraternity towards myself.

"Mean?" replied Peter Schlemihl, "you left Hoboken under my protection, and I mean to return you safe back if I can; and as you refuse to go with me, I mean to place you in the custody of the police, on the charge of breeding a riot in the market, so that I may have you fast against the time when you may be wanted; and, when I have seen you safely disposed of, I mean to inform your wife where she may find you; and I mean to recommend that respectable dozer, to bring you some changes of linen, and other things, to make you tolerably comfortable during the five or six weeks you will have to remain in custody."

"Custody!" cried I, rising on my legs—"what have I done to merit being placed in custody, beyond being seen in company with such an arant scamp as yourself?"

"Hush! hush," said Peter, "no names—gentlemen never use such language—all should be peace, and quietness, and repose, and no excitement—such ebullitions of warmth are decidedly vulgar. Here's your hat"—putting it on my head, and settling it, as before, with the weight of his fist. "Now you are better, you'll not require a keeper yet;—so come along!"

Taking my arm, we were once more on the *parc*, and strolling up Broadway, on our way, as Peter said, to Saint Paul's church-yard!

"Rather a solemn place for a lounge!" said I.

"That's all you know of the matter!" replied Peter—"really you men that live in the country and eat vegetables, have extraordinary notions!—Why, some people consider it a very interesting and agreeable scene. By the by, I met a friend one day last summer, who excused himself for not taking a walk, by saying that his brother-in-law was come to New York in the last stage of consumption, and he was going to take him to walk by way of amusing him. 'And where are you going to take the poor gentleman?' I enquired. 'To the cemetery,' answered he—'it is as agreeable a place as any I know.' I was amused at the idea of taking a dying man to the church yard by way of amusing him, and was at the trouble to go there myself to see if the fact would be as stated, and sure enough my friend and his brother-in-law made their appearance, the latter more dead than alive. He, however, said he was much amused, and he seemed to take such a fancy to the place, that, in a fortnight afterwards, he was provided with permanent lodgings there. So you see," added Peter, "every body is not exactly of your opinion."

We reached the cemetery, and first went into the church and heard part of the service for the dead, delivered in a way that gave Peter Schlemihl, as he said, a very lively idea of what people mean when they talk of that service being performed. He hurried me out, and along the Dead Man's Path, into the cemetery.

We walked round, and, in the course of the lounge, met thirteen incipient Byrons, aged from fifteen to nineteen, each with a broad shirt-collar turned down, and open at the front, to show the throttle, with a black bandana tied sailor-wise.

Four were smoking cigars—real lighted cigars—the puppies!—five held between their teeth imitation cigars, colored brown, and painted red at the end, to appear like fire, and white, to appear like ashes—the greater puppies! The remainder were innocent of cigar, either real or imitative.

They all looked melancholy, bilious, and saffron-colored, and appeared to have been picking out their respective situations in the cemetery.

Peter Schlemihl, seemed to think them too contemptible for a joke, for he passed them in silence, except muttering between his teeth, as we approached the last, "This makes a baker's dozen."

Peter stopped near the monument erected to the memory of Mr. Cooke, the Tragedian—"There," said he, "you may look, but don't be critical."

"It is very beautiful," I observed; "and this beautiful cemetery is an admirable adaption of the old stone quarry, and some of the inscriptions on the stones are very affecting."

"No doubt they are," replied Peter Schlemihl, "to such a spoon as you; but have you yet to learn that in a churchyard no person is allowed to have any other than a good character. Death connects the most contemptible animals that ever blood warmed into tender fathers—affectionate husbands—faithful wives—dutiful children, and such like. The church and the church-yard is the only place to acquire a good character graven in stone. Try your hand at giving some scoundrel his due in his epitaph—venture to write upon a grave-stone that on such a day such a person died, well known to all his friends and acquaintances as the greatest rascal that his parish contained; excelling all men in his several vocations of swindler, perjurer, and thief. Try your hand at that, and see how the Church will step forward to prevent your telling the truth. If you persist in your experiment, you will very soon find yourself doing penance in a white sheet, my gentleman! for saying any thing but good of the dead."

Peter's morality appeared to evaporate with the last sentence; and slipping his arm in mine, we left the cemetery, and went the shortest way to the quays.

"This is a noble business-like line of quays, all things considered," said Peter Schlemihl—"their extent from north to south, and their convenient position. But, confound 'em, they are burning tobacco by wholesale in that cursed warehouse, and the stench is sufficient to poison any thing human."

So saying, he hurried me from one dock to another, stopping every now and then to look at some peculiar craft, until we found ourselves near the Custom-house.

He took me round that fine building, and after examining and admiring it outside, he led the way into the interior, and from one room to another, mixing and taking part in all the mysteries attending the receipt of custom, and the entering and clearing out of ships, with as much nonchalance as if he had been an inmate of the long-room from his birth.

Business was in its heyday, and the rooms were consequently crowded; and I was horrified almost to fainting when I heard Peter Schlemihl, very

calmly and deliberately, and with great distinctness of voice, ask me to reach a great spring clock which was suspended against the wall, and put it in his pocket!

I looked at him to see if I could discover whether he really was in earnest, but he repeated his request in a tone that seemed to say that he would be obeyed, and muttered something about a policeman, and I felt that I had no alternative but to comply. I got upon a desk, and reached down the abominable clock, and to my surprise it slipped easily into his pocket, and to my greater surprise, no one in the room took notice of the transaction!

I hastened out of the place, determined to get away and return to Hoboken: and was running along from the Custom-house, making the best of my way to the Ferry, when I felt a person running alongside of me; and turning my head, I found, to my grief and amazement, that I was accompanied by Peter Schlemihl!

He gave me a knowing look; and as he trudged on, shoulder to shoulder, "This is a nice clock we've got," said he.

I was ready to drop with vexation, but it was of no use—it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of Peter Schlemihl.

"Stop!" said he at length, seizing me by the shoulder—"it is worse than useless to waste our wind in this way. I am going to smoke a cigar—will you have one?—it is a real good one."

I was grown desperate, and was glad of any thing for a change; so I took a cigar and began to smoke furiously.

In this mood we went on together, both smoking; but, in my confusion of mind, I was led by Peter Schlemihl past the proper place of embarkation for Hoboken, and as we were proceeding along Washington Street, he put the finish to my distress and rage, by sticking his lighted cigar into a cartload of hemp that was being discharged at a warehouse.

Instantly the whole was in a blaze—the warehouse took fire—the fire-engines were called for—a crowd collected—a body of police appeared—search commenced for the incendiary—and, to escape from the consequences of this diabolical act of my companion, I made the best of my way to the river side, and jumped into the first thing I came to in the shape of a boat, trembling from head to foot, and seeing nothing but the gallows before me.

"Cut the painter," said Peter Schlemihl—for to my utter horror and dismay he was in the boat likewise—"cut the painter and let her drift with the tide." There appeared nothing better to be done, and I cut the painter, and shoved the boat off; and, as it was ebb tide, I very soon saw myself floating from the Hoboken Hotel, with a fair prospect of going out to sea in an open boat, in the company of that most atrocious of all villains, Peter Schlemihl!

There was but a single oar in the boat; and with it Peter Schlemihl did his best to get her from the shore, and I devoutly hoped that somebody on the Jersey side of the river, seeing our distress, would come to our relief; but no such thing took place. We neared at last the Sandy Hook Light-house—swept past it with the apparent speed of a race-horse; and were very soon at sea, having, during our progress, seen the flames of the warehouse spread and extend themselves into a tremendous fire.

I was cold and shivery, and the rolling motion of the boat occasioned a swimming in my head, and any thing but an agreeable sensation in my stomach, and, by the advice of Peter Schlemihl, I lay down at the bottom of the boat, and fell into a doze.

On awakening, I found we were in perfectly smooth water, upon the bosom of which the boat floated like a gull, quite free from progress or motion; whilst on one hand was the open, and on the other a desolate country, and no house or inhabitant in view.

"Where are we?" I enquired from Peter Schlemihl, though I scarcely expected a satisfactory answer.

"We are off Coney Island," answered Peter, "and in a capital place for fishing—did you ever fish off here?"

I answered in the negative.

"You had better begin," said he.

"Begin to fish!" I replied, "and how am I to accomplish that feat, I should like to know, seeing that the only implements on board the boat are you and I and a wooden oar!"

"I'll show you," said Peter; upon which he came to me, and, gently lifting off my hat, he seized me by the hair of my head, and at a jerk threw me over the side of the boat, where he held me with my chin just above, and my body and legs dangling underneath the water!

In a few instants I felt a nibbling at the toes of my right foot, and presently afterwards a similar nibbling at the toes of my left. The nibbling became more urgent and fierce, and at length hurting me considerably, I gave a bit of a plunge with my feet.

"Is there a bite?" said Peter Schlemihl.

"I don't know what you mean by a bite," I replied, "but something is taking liberties that are particularly disagreeable with my toes."

Peter Schlemihl jerked me into the boat with as much ease as he had jerked me out, and to one of my feet hung a big ugly cat-fish, whilst something slipped into the water from the other, as he canted me over the gunwale into the boat.

A very short time elapsed before Peter Schlemihl again seized me by the hair, and swung me into the sea, holding me as before, and I again felt similar nibblings at my toes, and was drawn up as before with a goodly halibut at one foot, and a couple of lobsters at the other!

He continued his occupation for a length of time, with various success; but my toes, by the repetition of nibbling and biting, had become so exceedingly sensitive and sore, that I scarcely could endure the pain.

At length a nibble came, harder than the previous ones—another and another followed, still more severe—it was no longer a nibble, but a downright severe bite—a bite from something that had powerful mandibles to bite with—the pain was excessive, and too severe to be endured with any thing like patience; and, casting my eyes downwards, I beheld, through the clear green water, a shoal of huge black lobsters and crabs, gnawing away at my toes with all their might and main; whilst other monsters were struggling through the black and ugly mass, endeavouring to force their way that they might have a bite.

Another nip came, so savage that I screamed out, and Peter Schlemihl once more jerked me into the boat.

But his amusement, if amusement he derived from the exercise, was now at an end; for just at that moment the Great Western steamed up, and taking us in tow, we were landed at New York in an incredible short time; and during our passage, my well saturated clothes becoming thoroughly dry, we soon made our way over to Hoboken.

Peter Schlemihl, with affected pity for the soreness of my feet, assisted me up to the hotel, and into the room, and placed me in the very chair in which I had been sitting when he first obtruded his unwelcome presence upon me, and, to my surprise, and somewhat to my relief, I perceived that my wife still remained in the doze in which I had left her.

Peter Schlemihl also took a chair and helped himself to a glass of wine, and me to another, and, after sitting some time in silence, "Well!" said he, "are you almost recruited?"

"I am much better, certainly," I answered.

"Are you ready to start again?" said Peter.

"Start again! where?" I replied.

"On our walk," said Peter, "surely it is not over yet?"

"Not over yet?" I answered: "If ever any man catches me again walking with you, Peter Schlemihl, I'll give him leave to call me the wandering Jew!"

"Oh! that is your determination, is it?" said he; "very well, be it so, my fine fellow. In that case, I will take my departure, leaving you this token of remembrance," saying which he got up and jumped full five feet high, alighting with his two heavy heels immediately upon my toes, and then deliberately walked out of the room, impudently winking his eye at me as he went through the door-way.

The cruel agony of that jump made me roar out, and roll off my chair upon the ground, from very pain; and my wife, awaking at the noise, raised me up, and enquired what was the matter.

"That Peter Schlemihl!" said I—"that infernal Peter Schlemihl! he has lamed me for life!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" exclaimed my wife—"you are dreaming!"

I, however, knew better, and rang the bell, and enquired for Peter Schlemihl; but whether the waiter was in his confidence, or whether Peter Schlemihl had managed to make his entrance and his exit without being perceived, I do not know, but the waiter certainly denied all knowledge of Peter Schlemihl!

I then detailed the whole of my adventures to my wife, commencing with the first obtrusion of Peter Schlemihl into the room, and ending with his jumping upon my toes when he took his final departure.

Still she said it was but a dream!

I took off my stockings, and showed her my toes, red and angry, and evidently glazed and sore from the stamping and trampling, and nibbling and biting, to which they had been subjected; and I asked her whether, with such proof as that before her eyes, she could entertain any doubt of my having been abused and ill-treated, through the instrumentality of Peter Schlemihl.

Still she persisted that it was but a dream!

I then rang the bell, and requested the attendance of our host, and every man and woman-servant in the house. I described Peter Schlemihl—a tall thin, gentlemanly-looking man, aged about thirty, dressed in a black sur-tout, black stock, and dark trousers—a long nose, sharpish features, dark eyes, and black hair—wore his hat aside, a walking-stick in his hands, and a pair of boots on his feet, with plaguy thick heels.

One and all declared they had seen no such man!

I begged that they would search about the premises for him, and desire that stout gentleman, Mr. Smith, to prevent his going away by any of the packets. "You will be sure to find him," said I, "and he has got the Custom-house clock in his pocket." But stout Mr. Smith avers that he has not yet received sixpence from him, and to this hour he remains undiscovered, which is to me very remarkable.

I suffered such torment in my feet, that I soon afterwards went to bed, but not to sleep: for the infamous treatment to which my toes had been exposed occasioned such achings and twinges, that I could not close my eyes; and, to make matters worse, when I attempted to rise in the morning, I was unable to put a foot to the floor.

A surgeon (a medical gentleman, the cant phrase for one of those bundles of cruelty) was immediately called in, and, in looking at my toes, he significantly said, "It is the gout!"

Wishing to undeceive him, I gave him a minute narrative of all I had endured—told him the various stampings and squeezings to which I had been a martyr—the nibblings and bitings that I had undergone, when Peter Schlemihl compelled me to do duty for a fish-line off Coney Island, and the savage jump with which the brute treated me when he took himself away.

"It is all a dream!" said my wife.

"It is dispepsia and night-mare," said the doctor, "and the result is the gout!"

It drove me nearly mad to see such obstinacy, but I had no remedy but patience. The doctor ordered flannel, and my lower extremities were forthwith folded up in yard upon yard of that material. It is now a fortnight since I stood upon my feet, and the doctor is such a heathen as to tell me, without allowing the information for a moment to disturb the gravity of his countenance, that possibly, after a month or six weeks' further suffering, such as that I now endure, I may be enabled to get out on crutches. He evidently thinks that I am possessed of the stoical endurance of a Flat-head Indian, or one of those ancient martyrs who expiated their crime by calmly submitting to be roasted to death at the stake—alas! I do not possess the unflinching courage of the one nor the pious resolution of the other.

In the mean time I am suffering seriously from his treatment. He is giving me medicine, as he says, to strengthen and restore the tone of my stomach, and that I may not wear the stomach out, he scarcely allows me to put any thing into it; whilst each time my room door is opened there rushes in a perfume of turtle-soup that almost brings the tears into my eyes!

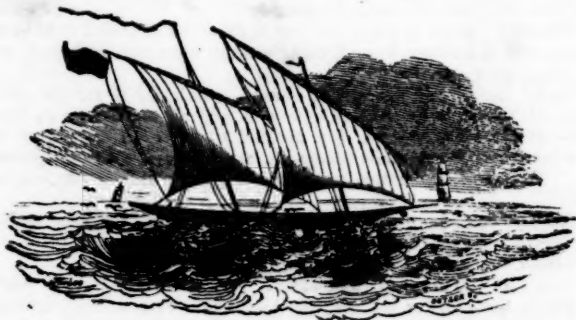
Five times every day since I have been under this wicked man's care, as he calls it, I have endeavoured to convince him of his error, by narrating fully and minutely the particulars of my unfortunate ramble with Peter Schlemihl, but he is one of those thoroughly obstinate men upon whom reason and argument are thrown away; and my wife, I am sorry to say, is equally hard to be convinced.

She still says, "It was all a dream!"

The doctor still says, "It was dispepsia and nightmare, and the result is the gout!"

Whilst I contend, with all the confidence of truth, that my ramble with Peter Schlemihl was a real and bona fide ramble!

Which do you think is right?



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

LORD BROUGHAM'S NEW WORK.—We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to an English Gentleman for the loan of the London copy of the first part of Lord Brougham's latest work, entitled "STATESMEN IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III." It is a magnificent book, and we hope to see an American edition shortly announced, and if it be possible, "got up" with equally splendid engravings. The character of the work can be gathered from the two finished and masterly portraits of Fox and Franklin, to be found in our columns this week. They are so discriminating—so sketchy, and so thoroughly imbued with the vigorous spirit of the author, that they stand out in bold relief from ordinary biography, and are at once acknowledged as truthful and vivid likenesses of the great originals. That the work will be completed with consummate ability none can doubt, who have learned to appreciate the wonderful powers and industry of its author—a man equally celebrated for his immense literary and philosophical attainments, and for his profound knowledge of law, politics, and men.

THE GALLERY.

Come, sit down by me, dear Doctor, and, catalogue in hand, discourse me a little, in your own cataractical fashion, the disappointments which you, in common with every man of your taste and experience, must feel among these faint shadowings and lame haltings after beauty.

Stay! I see you have lost that long sentence by my sitting on your deaf side! So! now you can hear me.

I was remarking, Sir, that it is most extraordinary to me, that neither in portraits commonly called *flattered*, of fair dames, nor in pictures of woman warm from the artist's most glowing hour of fancy, have I ever seen beauty comparable even to the fourth degree downward of beauties live and real that I have met, far less a face equalling, in any degree, that beau-ideal forever afloat and yearned after in reverie and dream. No Sir! No Sir! There are no pictures of women worthy the name! They are as uncaught upon canvass as the angels to whom we liken them.

"You forget Italy, my dear farmer!"

No! I remember Titian's Flora and Titian's Bella, Giorgione's Mistress, and the eternal "blonde" of the Veronese—but I will name you twenty live women, subject like ourselves to colds and low spirits, who are each twenty times more beautiful than the brightest of these—more beautiful than even the radiant picture of Queen Giovanna of Naples, the gem of that old Cardinal's palazzo at Rome. I will show you these, and the four fam'd Sybils after them, and then step you into a small parlor in London, where shall sit together the three Sheridans—Mrs. Norton and her sisters—and you shall say these dull Italians died before beauty was known on earth, or were incapable of recording it with the pencil. I will show you one,—perhaps two,—in Philadelphia,—certainly one—a lovelier type of the angelic by three Heavens at least, than any face ever commemorated on canvass! Look around you, Sir! Here are portraits of women thought fair, and here are ideal faces, up to the artist's highest conception—and what are they like? Would you not blush, if I were a habitant of some distant star come on an errand of discovery to the earth, would you not blush to tell me these were types of Earth's women—these were they with whom the angels sinned when earth was first created—these are they who are sung by earth's poets

—who peopled the paradises of their dreams—who want only wings, we think, to be quite ready for Heaven.

"But these are portraits of every-day people, not fancy-pictures! How can the artist make them more beautiful than nature?"

If you had lived as much among artists as I have, my dear Doctor, you would know that nine out of ten of these portraits are complimentary pictures, sat for at the artist's request, and hereafter to stand against his studio-wall as specimens of his skill, and his own exclusive property. Of course we have a right to conclude in each case, that it is the best face he knows—better than he can do by following his beau-ideal—a face through which he thought he could make shine his inspiration and aspiration after the beautiful. Is it not so?

"Possibly!"

But why does not every painter make out his beau-ideal as every sculptor his Venus, and every poet and novelist his own divinity and heroine. We see forms in marble that do realize our utmost dream of female beauty. In old sculpture we see them—why never in the old masters. In the old poems—why never on the old canvass? Why is there not one in this whole Gallery? Why among fifty artists, has no one attempted to shadow forth a woman of transcendent beauty? Have painters no imagination?

The only way I can possibly answer my own question, dear Doctor, is by acknowledging that it is the misfortune of painters generally to be men of small means, and marrying almost always more in accordance with their means than their genius, they draw from the nearest model, and in the beauty-killing care and fret and householdry of their own wives, merge all enthusiasm for the sex in general, and all remembrance of what they have seen by glimpses in youth, and at a distance in manhood. Do you know Mr. Page, Dr.?

"Yes!"

Then ask him from me to give us next year on canvass, his loftiest conception of beauty. I will ask Alexander, who has made this most artist-like and skilful picture of his wife, to give us with as much art, the face with which he and I travelled to Venice in company. (Remind me to tell you about her, dear Doctor!) Then there is Huntington, whose No. 56 shows that he might paint a woman if he would, and Rossiter, who in his "Love Token" has proved a great deal, but not enough, and last, not least, Inman, who, if he chose, might compose a face that would come up to even your exacting and difficult ideal. Sully might give us a memorable pictorial Venus, too, for he comprehends beauty, though his picture of Mrs. Wood is indeed wooden.

Do you see any picture that strikes your eye particularly, dear Doctor?

"I was thinking of buying Weir's picture of the Indian Captives, and cutting it in two. I think the savage and his fellow prisoner, taken separately, a perfect and beautiful poem—but there are some staggering anachronisms in the rest of the picture which I cannot get over."

Yes—dramatic painting, like dramatic writing, requires a partnership in production. "Two heads are better than one." Mr. Weir should have consulted the Professor of History at West Point for his proprieties of time—but how beautifully it is painted!—that fault aside!

"Admirably indeed! But we have seen all I believe, that is worth seeing, and on the whole, it is rather the worst exhibition I ever saw. What scores of abominable daubs on these upper tiers! What hideous subjects, and how hideously done! Adieu to the Gallery for this year!"

THE COURIER replies to our critique on Mr. Paulding by an attack on ourselves. The subject in dispute, we would beg leave to suggest, is not whether Mr. Willis writes good French or is a "nice man," but whether Mr. Paulding's mind and writings are coarse, or his books readable. We are quite content to let the article in the Courier stand as the Editor's opinion of ourself. We should be surprised and annoyed if he thought differently of one who lives by totally different standards of opinion and conduct. But after wondering at the universal consent with which the press has agreed to the demolishing of Mr. Paulding's usurped pedestal, it is a little amusing to see that his one ally and defender, without even endeavoring to replace him, confines his championship to a sneer at the qualifications of the assailant.

LADY BULWER'S NOVEL OF CHEVELEY.

As long as the authoress of Cheveley was only known to the public at large as an unhappy wife, who resided in a cottage ornée at Groton, some fourteen miles from London, while her husband pleased himself with the life of a bachelor in town—she, busied with her jealousy and her children, and he with his fame and his pleasures—so long the particulars of her position, her temper, her relations by blood and marriage, and other private matters of "whereabout," were properly confined to the gossip of her own and her husband's friends, and so long she had the sympathy of the great mass of novel-readers. She has in Cheveley, however, appealed to the world at large. She has penned a novel on her resentments, her grievances, and, (what is as singular as it would seem to have been unwise and

uncalled for) on her temptations to illicit love! and dragging before the public the private characters of her nearest relations with her own, she has asked for a verdict upon her wrongs.

In England, possibly, the merits of this case may not be much discussed in print, from the fact that common rumor will at once have circulated all the facts upon which Cheveley is based, and editors having no interest in telling that which every one knows, will avoid the chance of offending either party. But in America we hear but one side of the story, that which Lady Bulwer has given in her novel, and as no author was ever judged separately from his personal and every-day character, manners and morals, it becomes an act of justice to present to Bulwer's admirers in this country such facts as we chance to know form the reverse of the suspended shield.

We acknowledge of course the right of authors to draw what anonymous characters they please, without being answerable in their own persons for the good or bad qualities they portray—but Lady Bulwer has pointed so directly to herself and her relatives in these volumes, that we may as well write their names under the portraits at once. Here is her own picture, a good deal embellished, but still in some of the features a likeness.

Lady de Clifford was taller than her sister; her beauty was altogether of a different kind; her head, and the manner in which it was placed upon her shoulders, was quite as classical as Fanny's; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her features were small, yet perfect; a little, very little less Greek than her sister's, but more piquant, with a nose that I can only describe by calling it epigrammatic; it could not have belonged to a fool, or even to a dull person. There was something queenlike about her, but then it was her air only; for though dazzling was the word every one felt inclined to apply to her appearance, yet she had quite as much prettiness as beauty; that is, she had all the feminine delicacy and fascination of a merely pretty woman, with all the dignity and splendor of a perfectly beautiful one. In short, prettiness might be said to be the detail of her features, and beauty their effect. Her eyes were "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and the long dark fringes that shadowed them gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek when she looked down; her complexion would have been too brilliant had it not changed almost as often as the clouds in an Italian sky; for it varied as though each passing thought reflected its shadow upon her face; her mouth and teeth would have baffled the imagination of a painter or the description of a poet; and her smile was bright,

"Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,

When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

To the greatest strength of character she united the mildest disposition, and withal was what her sex so rarely are, "though witty, wise." Few women could boast her solid and almost universal information, yet was there nothing of the "précieuse" about her; no attempt at display, no contempt for the ignorance of others; in short, good sense did for her manners what religion did for her character—blended, purified, and harmonized each separate or opposing quality, without the mainsprings ever ruggedly or obtrusively appearing to taunt others with their lack of them.

And here is her picture of her husband, meant to be a good likeness:

Lord de Clifford was a perpendicular, stately personage, aspiring towards seven feet; he gave one the idea of never even in sleep having been guilty of an easy position; the vulgar term of "he looks as if he had swallowed a poker," was completely exemplified in his appearance. He had a straight, stiff, and obstinate (very obstinate) brown hair, very small, light gray eyes; a nose so aquiline, that if it had appeared on paper, instead of on a human face, it would have been pronounced a caricature; his upper lip was straight, and of that inordinate length which may be taken as the affidavit of the face to the obstinacy of the owner's character. It is, after this, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he always wore a blue coat and gilt buttons of an evening, with a huge and very white stiff cravat, that looked cut out of stone, after the Tam O'Shanter order of sculpture.

Nature seemed to have given him a sort of rag-bag of a mind, made up of the strangest and most incongruous odds and ends possible, with a clumsy kind of arrogance of all-work to arrange it, that was continually adding to its confusion; his information, such as it was (though he aimed at the universal), might be compared to the "Penny Cyclopædia" printed upside down; and the curious and gigantic pomposity with which he dealt out the smallest and most commonplace fact, reminded one of an elephant, with mighty effort, bowing out its trunk to pick up a pin's head or a piece of thread. Among his mass of information, geology, of course, had not been neglected; and having heard at school or elsewhere that, did the world lose but the smallest atom of its gravity, it would be at an end, he always seemed impressed with an idea that he was the important atom on which its existence depended; and also was of opinion that so great a man should be governed by the same principles as the universe, and therefore took care never to lose an atom of his own gravity; for which reason, strange to say, he was never known to catch the infection when others were laughing at him. In politics he was an ultra-Liberal (it gives more scope for his declamation); in private life (as is the general pendant to public liberality) he was a tyrannical autocrat, a Caligula in his clemency, and a Draco in his displeasure; whatever appertained to him was always the best and most faultless in the world; all, excepting his wife; she was not of his own immediate stock; merely a graft, which accounted for all her faults; that, among the rest, of his never being able (incessantly as he pressed it on her) to get her to feel and appreciate her wonderful good fortune in being wedded to him, which was the more extraordinary, as she had left the nursery at her mother's commands to marry him; not but that Lady de Clifford was, in thought, word, and deed, what any other man would have considered perfection for a wife: but then, for such superhuman merits as his, what could be good enough! Still it might have puzzled even him to find a real

fault in her; for had she to her other rare qualities added the rarest of all, that of being able to adore him, she could not have anticipated, and prevented, and studied every wish of his, with more scrupulous devotion and delicacy than she did. This his selfishness could not help feeling, though his heart or his memory never recollected it, or he could not have subjugated her so completely to the surveillance, interference, and petty tyranny of every member of his family as he did. But then they were his family, and, consequently, must know better about everything, from the dressing of a child to the drowning of a puppy, than any wife could possibly do. Not that he did not, imbruted as he was, see his wife's superiority; for no one could, when occasion required, make more use of her talents; but then he liked to try and make his family, the world, and especially herself, believe that she was as ignorant and inferior as, according to his opinions, every woman ought to be.

Our readers have all seen the portraits of Bulwer and will recognise the feature which stamps the attempt at a resemblance.

Next follows the picture of Bulwer's mother—

Lord de Clifford's mother had been an heiress, of remarkable plain person, forbidding manners, and irascible temper, who had "withered on the virgin throne" till six-and-twenty, when she thought it would be a pity to "die and leave the world no copy," and so condescended to bestow her hand upon Colonel Grimstone, who, after having ran himself completely out by divers excesses, made up his mind, at the end of five years, to the "pis aller" of taking her for better or for worse; and found her, as the Irishman said, much worse than he took her for; for between her and the broad lands which had been his bait, stood her father, who was so unaccommodating as not to die till twelve years after marriage, so that the poor colonel, who only survived that event six years, quitted the world without his errand, as some hinted, from the daily dose of this unguiled pill.

No sooner had Miss Langton become Mrs. Grimstone, than she found out that she was the most devoted daughter in the world, and could not live without her mother, for whom, to do her justice, she had the greatest possible respect; as that exemplary parent, who had been many years separated from her husband, had, from inconceivable economy, out of a very limited income, contrived to amass a large fortune; all of which she promised to leave to whichever of her daughter's future progeny she should like best. This good lady was what is called a woman of spirit, and such characters are seldom guilty of either cunning or hypocrisy, as they invariably prefer carrying things by storm, to gaining them by stratagem; and though in reality not a whit less void of sense than her daughter, her bluntness gave a sort of *Brummagem* energy to her character, which often led people into the error of thinking her a clever woman, and gave her absolute dominion over the weak, vacillating imbecility of her daughter's mind, who never could perform the simplest act without labelling it with a false motive, for insincere people are always cowards; consequently, if she only wished a door or a window opened or shut, she was sure to premise that she did so solely for the sake of another. This species of gratuitous dissimulation became insupportably wearisome to her husband, who at length actually dreaded taking a second cup of tea, or putting on a greatcoat, if she asked him to do so, lest, in complying, he should be entrapped into the, to him, unpardonable-weakness of gratifying some covert wish of his wife's, at the same time that he would have to submit to the humiliation of being apparently the obliged person. To speak truly, he had as many faults as most men; but even those in which he was deficient, he was sure to be supplied with by the penetration and spirit of his mother-in-law.

We have now one more portrait to give—that of Henry Bulwer, the present English Minister at Brussels, former M. P. and author of "France."

In person he was as diminutive as Lord de Clifford was tall; his hair was dark and thin, though he had a habit of extending his hand to encompass the half-dozen capillary ornaments that graced each temple, as widely as though he had been about to grasp a world; his eyes were small, and of that sinister and one-expressed kind which read others, while they say nothing themselves; his nose was aquiline; his face long, narrow, and pitted with smallpox.

Towards his superiors (and, morally speaking, they would have been nearly every one with whom he came in contact) he evinced the most ubiquitous servility, which, to do him justice, he extended to the meanest individual the moment he found they were capable of being of the slightest use to him; indeed, in some instances, his philanthropy deserved the greatest credit for the vivid interest he took in persons of whose very existence he had appeared ignorant five minutes before.

His work on Timbuctoo, entitled "An Inquiry into the past, present, and future state of the world in general, and Timbuctoo in particular," was meant to be statistical, philological, physiological, philomathic, and political! In short, a condensation of all the "logics" and all the "ologies;" but, unfortunately, tautology and acryology were the only ones thoroughly exemplified; throughout he had mistaken freethinking for philosophy, grossness for wit, mutilation for analytic, and laxity for liberality.

We give one more extract—Lady B.'s account of her own family, and the *Pourquoi* of her marriage with Bulwer.

Mr. Neville was an old aboriginal Whig, who persevered in a spencer, a liveried groom, and top-boots, to the last; and lived quite as much in the window at Brooks's as he did at his house in Berkeley Square, where a profuse but shabby expenditure (which constitute the true Whig ménage), year after year, involved him more deeply; but of this he thought little, as long as his house was the focus of agreeability.

It was one day coming out of Hammersley's, in no very happy frame of mind, that he met Lord de Clifford: he asked him if he would dine with, and go to the play with Mrs. Neville and the girls in the evening. The invitation was accepted, and at dinner he appeared much struck with the beauty of Julia Neville. Her mother perceived it, and, though her original intention had been that she should not come out for two years (Whiggesses always make their "*début*" later than other girls), she now changed her plan, and determined that Julia should go to Almack's on the following

Wednesday, with which determination she took care carelessly to acquaint Lord de Clifford in the course of the evening; and accordingly, on the following Wednesday, precisely (for everything he did was precise) at half past eleven, his stiff figure was hitched in the doorway, ready to pounce upon poor Julia, whom he condescended to ask to dance; and after stalking through a quadrille with her, he deposited her again with her mother. Surely, thought Julia, a galloppe or mazurka must be quite beyond such a cast-iron-looking personage! She was right, and therefore, for the rest of the evening, enjoyed herself; but as he took care to inform Mrs. Neville how very much he disapproved of both the last-mentioned dances, it was the last time she ever allowed her daughter to dance them.

It is needless to detail the persecution or entreaties, tears, and persuasion (the hardest persecution of all to resist from those we love) poor Julia underwent; till at length, weary and broken-hearted, she gave herself up at the altar as the victim of Lord de Clifford. Young as she was, she had more character and strength of mind than most women of double her age.

In setting our readers right in their impressions of these personages, we wish it to be understood that *we volunteer nothing*. We take Lady Bulwer's pictures and re-touch them with the pencil of truth—no more. She has drawn them in such a way as to do mischief to the renown of two of the most distinguished and admired authors of England, and we do an act of literary justice in correcting the false lines of her drawing. We have had the honor to know all the persons concerned, and speak advisedly.

In her own picture, Lady Bulwer has come nearest the truth. She is a remarkably handsome woman, "more of a Juno than a Psyche," but she is the last person on earth to have had a lover like Mowbray. Her pen gives you the idea of a woman incapable of sentiment, and with but one aim in society, that of being satirical and being thought witty. But for her own assurance in this novel, we should have said she never could have had a temptation. At any rate, she has passed thus far in life without either the reproach or the suspicion, and we do not believe *now* that her friends will allow her own evidence against herself. Indeed, from the manner in which she describes the progress of Mowbray's love it is quite evident it is the imaginative part of the book. Who, for example, ever heard of such a discussion of politics as occurs in the only love letter she gives from Cheveley. We leave this point, however, in the hands of our lady readers who will judge it by an "internal evidence" truer than our own.

Of Henry Bulwer, (Herbert Grimstone) we need only say that he is the gentlest and most unassuming of men, strikingly elegant in dress and manners, and distinguished for his brilliant powers of conversation as much as for an aristocratic exterior as was ever admired in London. His literary character needs no defence.

The person most slandered is the mother-in-law, Mrs. Lytton Bulwer. She is (in real life) a lady somewhat advanced, slender, and of middle size, with regular, and still handsome features, and bearing in her soft and sweet manners the clearest possible evidence of her gentle descent and high breeding. Our readers know, of course, that Mr. Bulwer is descended by both parents from two of the most ancient families in England. His mother's house in London is the resort of London's choicest and most aristocratic society, and we do not remember to have seen abroad a more polished and serene example of calm high-breeding and gentle manners than Mrs. Lytton Bulwer in her own house. The mother may always be judged fairly by the children.

Miss Wheeler, (*alias* Julia Neville, *alias* Lady Lytton Bulwer), was the daughter of a most worthy and respectable widow, living some three years ago in Park Mews, a small lane running in the rear of Seymour Place, May Fair. Mrs. Wheeler was early left a widow with one daughter, a pale, handsome, slender girl, who chanced to attract the attention of Edward Bulwer, then fresh from college. The attachment was a romantic one, and soon discovered, and strenuously opposed by Mr. Bulwer's mother. We have many times listened to the story of their meeting "to drink tea" with a sympathising lady, who occupied a "three pair of stairs back," in Fleet Street, and who ultimately succeeded in marrying two persons, who were neither, as she then thought, "long for this world." To her great surprise, Miss Wheeler has since turned out to be among the fattest of women, and Mr. Bulwer the most immortal of men. The aristocratic mother was soon reconciled to the match, but as the novel shows, the daughter-in-law continued to live at sword's points with every member of the family, her husband included. Bulwer bore her "incompatibility" as long as he could in form, and finally bought a beautiful house in the country not far from London, furnished it exquisitely, and supplying her every earthly want but that of his own society, left her to expend her eccentricities on her dogs, which, to the number of a round dozen, are her perpetual companions. They (the dogs) are immortalised, collectively and individually, in Cheveley.

So much for the *real* history which has been made the basis of this novel. The scenery part of it is from her Ladyship's album, the record of a journey she made some seven years ago to Naples, in her husband's company. Who the "Mowbray" of that excursion was we are unable to say, but we presume should Mr. Bulwer take her hint and be killed by a restive horse, she will inform us by carrying out her story with a re-marriage. We happened to follow very closely on her track through the principal

cities of Italy, but we will bear witness, if called upon, in Doctor's Commons, that, with the exception of a King Charles' spaniel, we never heard her name associated with any male whatever. We have grounds for believing that her Ladyship misrepresents herself in another particular, the silent grief with which Lady de Clifford receives the marks of her husband's coldness and indifference. In one chapter, she makes her lord threaten her with a blow. In physical strength, Mr. Bulwer is much the "weaker vessel," and has, it is commonly said, very often been made to realise it. Mrs. B.'s incursions *vi et armis* into his bachelor's rooms in the "Albany," at unseasonable hours, compelled the unresisting author at last to accept a friendly invitation, and take refuge for his household gods with Count D'Orsay. Here at present he lives, under the protection of an inexorable porter at the door, and a vigilant "tiger" within, and the spite that was thus suppressed in her ladyship's nails has oozed out from her finger's ends—in a novel.

We have not intended to criticise Cheveley as a literary work, but only as affecting the character, and consequently the literary reputation of one of the greatest authors of his time. The vulgar coarseness and obscurity of the style will be visible to every one, and there is no need of staying to point it out. We have performed the only duty we thought exacted from us—that of eradicating, before they had spread, the poisonous weeds sown among the bright laurels of this gifted author.

EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS.—We do not recollect a period when there were so many opportunities to indulge a taste for paintings, as are now offered in this city. We have merely room this week to name the different galleries, and thus invite public attention to their attractions without entering on their respective merits.

The Academy of Design, at the Clinton Hotel.

The exhibition of ancient Italian paintings, at the Academy of Fine Arts, Barclay Street.

Howith & MacGavin's paintings by the old masters, at 49 Cranberry Street.

The Apollo Association, 410 Broadway—a very large and varied collection.

MR. WHITE'S NOVEL LECTURES.—This gentleman, himself from the green Isle, will give a lecture on Thursday next, at the Clinton Hall, on Irish poetry, ancient and modern, and illustrate the same with songs. Those who have heard him are unanimous in their praise.

MR. WARNOCK, 170 BROADWAY, makes a mole-skin hat, to whose airy lightness that much oppressed gentleman, the brain, owes all acknowledgement. The shape, too, seems to our eye worthy of the material, and the specimen before us, (on the Editor's table) seems, in finish and fancy, a fine specimen of the great art of hattery.

The Western Tourist and Emigrant's Guide is the title of a neat and well filled pocket volume, published by Colton, 124 Broadway; and will be found useful to the Emigrant, and those interested in the boundless regions of the West.

The Baltimore Monument.—The first number of the second volume of this monthly Magazine lies open before us, and so far as elegant typography and good paper go, it surely looks inviting, but we have not found time to give it an attentive perusal. A McLean, 391 Pearl-st. is the New York Agent.

Plunderings by the Way.

We have met the following "item" in five different English papers of the same week. It is very well, but Locke, of the N. O. Picayune, Prentice, of Louisville, and "York's tall Son" of the Spirit of the Times, can write you a dozen of them while smoking a cigar.

An American paper says;—The most recent case of absence of mind is that of an editor who lately copied from an exchange paper one of his own articles, and headed it—"Wretched attempt at wit."

The London Gazette announces the pitch-forking of Sir FREDERICK LAMB into the House of Peers as Lord BEAUVALE. What a pretty title! This haste looks ominous, and adds new probability to the story that Lord PLUNKETT is to resign the Irish Seal and get his three thousand a year pension, in order that Sir JOHN CAMPBELL may hold it for a few days, and then get his three thousand a-year for being turned out.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN ON THE THAMES.—On Saturday morning, a very suspicious-looking craft left the river, and her appearance excited much interest and gave rise to a good deal of speculation. Some declared her to be a pirate, others a slaver, and a few, imbued with a little superstition, declared that she was twin brother to the phantom ship, known to the world as the Flying Dutchman. She left the St. Katharine's Dock on Wednesday, and as she passed down the river, many inquiries were made as to her destination; and the seamen declared that such a piratical looking vessel, with her rakish masts, was after no good. She brought up at

Gravesend, and a great number of boats went alongside to overhaul her. On Friday, however, the fears and doubts of many were set at rest, by her being cleared at the Custom-house for Hobart Town. The vessel which caused so much excitement is the *Gazelle*, formerly engaged in the iniquitous slave trade, and was captured by the *Water Witch*, one of her Majesty's gun-brigs, in 1837, and was the last allowed to be sold, all slavers condemned since that time having, by a new regulation of the government, been broken up. The *Gazelle* is certainly one of the smartest looking vessels ever seen in the port of London. She was built for sailing, and it was believed that no man-of-war engaged in the suppression of the slave trade could ever have overtaken her.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A Noble Lord, a short time ago, applied to a Pawnbroker to lend him 1000 guineas on his wife's jewels, for which he had paid 4000. Take the article to pieces, said his Lordship, number the stones, and put false ones in their places; my Lady will not distinguish them. You are too late, my lord, said the pawnbroker; your Lady has stolen a march upon you; these stones are false, I bought the diamonds of her Ladyship twelve months ago.

AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE.—A few days since a gentleman in one of the Paddington omnibuses suddenly feeling in his pocket, said that since he had entered he had lost his purse, containing 380*l.* in Bank of England notes; whereupon he gave four gentlemen who sat near him in charge on suspicion of having robbed him. On arriving at the station house, however, the gentleman found his money safe; the accused parties consented to forego future proceedings on condition of his making some atonement. This he did by giving them 10*l.*, with which they hastened to the house of Mr. Rawlinson, the magistrate, and placed it in his hands to be distributed to the poor.

JUVENILE DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—An instance of disinterested friendship occurred within the bar of the police office, which deserves to be held up as an example to this money-seeking generation. A brace of urchins with but one shoe and two half-pairs of breeches between them, were charged by the police with begging. The constable who captured them said, he saw them diving down a number of areas, one keeping watch, while the other made the best use of a pair of unscrupulous hands and a quick pair of heels. These facts having been sworn to, Mr. Conant awarded the scout ten days' imprisonment, and gave a month to his companion. The one with the lightest sentence began to bellow lustily, and made several eager attempts to catch the magistrate's eye. Having succeeded, in a voice almost inarticulate from grief, he said, "Ax yer vershship to grant me the grace to halter my werdick." Mr. Conant—"I have made a distinction in your case, as you were not seen down the area." Boy—"But I vants to have a 'calendar' same as Bill. He didn't do nuffin more nor me, and I didn't do nuffin more nor him. Vy he vos cotched in the airy, vos, cos it vos his turn down; so I hope you'll grant me the werry great kindness to make my werdick as long as hisn." "But," said Mr. Conant, thinking to shake the resolution of the applicant, "the other boy is to be well whipped. I suppose you don't want to have that part of the sentence also." Here an affecting scene began between the pair. The one who had a month, tried all he could to dissuade his companion from pressing the point, and urged, as a last argument, that the whip-wielder at the the prison laid it on so "precious hard." Nothing could alter the determination of the boy; so, pushing his friend on one side, he blubbered out, "Vell, gi'me a month, the same as Bill, and you may knock me down for the vipping." The bench would not agree to the terms, and the original sentence was, of course, allowed to stand.

A paris paper says:—Two soldiers were the other day talking together; the more ingenious one said, "I hear right and left of the Government and Opposition, of the Opposition and Government, what do they mean by that?" "I'll explain it," replied the other. "For example, there's Marshal Soult, you know Marshal Soult?"—"Yes."—"Well, when he is in the Opposition he has won the battle of Toulouse, and when he is in the Government he has lost it—that's all."

The Duke of Devonshire arrived at Constantinople on the 7th ult.; where the Duke of Buccleuch was also expected. It is rumored in the City of the Sultan, that Queen Adelaide would not return to England without viewing the unrivalled beauties of the Bosphorus.

STEAM CONVEYANCE TO AMERICA.—Government have entered into a contract for conveying the mails by large and powerful steam-vessels from Liverpool to Halifax, and thence by branch steamers to Boston, and in the summer to Quebec. The mercantile interests, not only in the North American colonies, but in the United States, will be gratified to learn that, instead of a monthly communication, as formerly, steamers will now be despatched on the 1st and 15th of each month.

June the 7th has been named by the Queen for the Grand fancy-ball, un-

der her Majesty's patronage, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music.

A REJECTED GRAND DUKE.—We take the following from a Brussels paper:—

The Imperial Grand Duke of Russia's projected marriage with an Austrian Arch-duchess has failed. A very piquant anecdote proves that all hopes of a matrimonial alliance with the House of Hapsburg are at an end. Count Orloff, who had been commissioned to ascertain the dispositions of the Court of Vienna, addressed himself with such view to the Princess de Metternich, and expressed to her his great admiration of the charming Arch-duchess, the object of his master's conjugal ambition. "The Arch-duchess," replied the witty and malicious Princess, "is a truly fascinating person; unfortunately her health is so delicate that it will be impossible for us to settle her any where but in Italy, the air of which country is absolutely necessary to her." Upon this the Count made a profound and cool bow to the Princess, and despatched a courier to St. Petersburg.

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX AND PRINCE POLIGNAC.—The Bourbon family still reside at Goritz. The *Augsburg Gazette* of the 16th inst. has the following:—

"The Duke of Bordeaux is a fine young man, but rather too stout for his age. At our last exhibition were several pictures painted by him, which exhibited considerable talent. He rides out almost every day. His favorite promenade is towards Salcano, a village crowned with cypresses, at the entrance of the valley of the Isonzo. Prince Polignac leaves us on the 5th. He lodges at the Three Crowns, but dines every day at the Royal table; and the Duke of Bordeaux generally comes to fetch him to dinner. He has visited the Chateau of Grafenberg, where Charles X. died, and the chapel or convent of Castanavizza, where he lies buried. Goritz pleases him so well that he has promised to return and reside next winter. He goes out a great deal, and almost always alone. He is a well-looking man, tall and slender. His face is pale, and expresses at the same time that which has produced this paleness."

WELL PUT.—In observations on the cruel and sordid selfishness of the corn monopolists, Mr. O'Connell makes this forcible exposure of the true character of the extortion:

Three hundred and forty-two of John Bull's representatives have decided that the poor widow shall pay twopenny for that which they can get for a half-penny; that the child may cry for its bread, but cannot obtain it, lest the Duke of Buckingham's carriage should not have a sufficient number of horses. The time, then, is coming when common sense, and not delusion, is permitted to be abroad. You perform your relative duties in private life under the sanction of an awful responsibility; but is not that responsibility incurred when a crime is committed against the mighty mass of the people and myriads in a land of our own made to suffer by it? The man who robs the beggar of one slice of bread is looked upon as an outcast and miscreant; but if he rob a number he is a Duke. Is the crime less by being multiplied? Is the iniquity smaller in the sight of God because it is multitudinous, and embraces an entire nation? (Cheers.)

The diamonds presented to Lady Elizabeth Hay by the Duke of Wellington were taken from the order and badge of Saint Esprit, given to his Grace by Louis the Eighteenth at the period of the restoration of the Bourbon Family.

On Wednesday a boat-race between the gentlemen of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which excited great interest, took place from Westminster to Putney. The Cambridge gentlemen went to the outside station, as it is termed, at the pier of Westminster-bridge, the Oxford gentlemen having won the inside and best position. When the signal was given they took it admirably, and for the first four or five strokes appeared to do nothing; but their speed, when their way was well on, was wonderful. They were stroke and stroke until they neared the Horseferry, where Cambridge showed a slight lead. Their antagonists disputed the advantage with all the strength they could muster, but in vain. Off the Penitentiary the Cambridge men had increased their advantage, and went in advance through Vauxhall-bridge. In each succeeding mile the difference of their strength and style was more manifest. The Cambridge gentlemen arrived first through Putney-bridge, amidst deafening shouts, one minute and twenty seconds in advance of their opponents. The distance was done by the winners in thirty-one minutes and a half.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.—Barbadoes papers just received are filled with details of the disastrous consequences inflicted on the West India Islands by the recent earthquake. In Martinique, the Military Hospital, the Treasury, the Court House, and the Commissariat, have become one mass of undistinguishable ruins. Upward of 350 houses were levelled with the ground by the shock, and the terrified inhabitants who survived the calamity were compelled to huddle together in tents raised in the public squares. At the dawn of morning, upwards of 300 corpses were exposed on the public greens; and information subsequently received acquaints us that 700 bodies have been dug from the ruins of the habitations which the earthquake had hurled down. The shock was felt at sea, 170 miles from Trinidad, at Demerara, Trinidad, Grenada, and Berbice severally, although in none of these districts did an accident occur. At St. Kitt's the shock was hardly perceptible. This earthquake appears to be one of the most dire and disastrous judgments of which the West India colonists have ever been the victims.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Cannibals as well as *gourmands* are ye not ashamed of yourselves? After feasting upon all the luxuries of a splendid table, to fall to and devour a Russian Charlotte, Miss Charlotte the Russian, or Miss Charlotte Russe, daughter of the old gentleman of that name! By the powers of Gastronomy, it is too bad to imagine such a Charlotte was made for your unfeeling digestion,—what *egg-otism*! Perhaps you consider it a mere trifle, but I take it to be a great want of *pie-ty*, to puff yourselves with such dainties!

I was grumbling to myself the other day at dinner on this subject, when I found my sleeve plucked by a person sitting next to me, who had caught the subject of my discontent. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, had a grey beard, little piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and very pale cheeks; his age appeared at least two hundred. I was startled for a moment, and on recovering my surprise, bowed to the old man, and inquired his pleasure with me. He replied, that he saw I was in some trouble about the Charlotte Russe, and presumed that I did not know the meaning of its appellation. My answer was, of course, in the negative. "Then Sir," said he, "I shall enlighten you, listen, and mark me well." Delighted at the prospect of getting at a mystery which had puzzled all the cooks in Christendom, I opened both my ears. "A glass of wine first, Sir." I assented, and he poured a bumper of the real Markobrunner Ausbruck into a green glass for me, filling a large tumbler for himself. The lion's share, methought! He had already finished two bottles of the delicious beverage. Having quaffed his draught of Rhenish, he commenced in a clear articulate tone.

"I belong, Sir, to that race which has neither home nor country; we are content to pick up the crumbs which fall from the great loaves of Monarchies or Republics; persecution is our birthright, a heavy inheritance, we bend and groan under its weight, but cannot shake it off. My heart is cicatrized for the sufferings we have endured, and so embittered am I, that I suspect hypocrisy in all mankind. Beneath the cloak of civility I fancy that I detect a sneer, beneath the mask of friendship, murderous hate. Perhaps I am in error—for charity's sake I will admit the possibility of my being wrong—sometimes wrong. But to the point, Sir. The subject before us is, in name, partly emblematical of the horrors which in various ages have been accumulated upon our devoted heads. It had its origin in Spain, where cowardly immolation followed the unfeeling injustice of brutal incarceration. I was there, my friend—Sir, I mean—I was there—cent—years have passed—the iron heel of the furious bigot was upon the neck of the faithful, the stiletto at his breast, and he who would not deny the attributes of his God, was soon transformed into a carrion corpse. In Madrid, we were many, and as the Executive could not get subsidies to carry on the war against the * * * * * from others, we were permitted to remain unmolested, or in other words, unmurdered. Our synagogue was a heap of smouldering ruins—our cemetery cruelly defiled; but we determined to have a watch-word, a cabalistical sign by which we might evince to each other that our holy religion was not forgotten.

"That word was SHOLLIT, and indicated a baked pudding, constructed with compartments imitative of the chambers in the Temple of Jerusalem. The word in Hebrew is spelt with four letters

ש ל ל י ת

Sheen—Lommed—Yod—Teth—which are the initials of a sentence in Scripture

שבת ליי יום טוב

Shabbath Ladonai Yom Tov; anglice, Sabbath is unto the Lord a Holy Day. This dish we always caused to be prepared for our Sabbath meal: it was the banner of commemoration, around which we rallied for—for—years, and even to this day many religious families in Europe continue the consecrated food. The Jews, Sir, are scattered over the earth, but there is a chain, forged in the fires of Heavenly dispensation, which will hold them together as one people until the day of doom. Thus, Sir, a *Shollit Russe* (not Charlotte Russe) signifies a Russian pudding the same as *Shollit Francois* would express a French one. The Russians were the first to introduce it to civilized Europe; that mild and tolerant Government has, since the Polish Revolution, come in close contact with the inhabitants of Warsaw and Parga (principally Jews), and its officers probably thought themselves justified in indulging in some of the sweets of that oppressed people, in return for those which they have permitted them to enjoy—in occasional excursions to Siberia! alas! alas!"

My communicator here paused—I turned round, he was gone—and the wine was gone—and the bottles were gone too; I could not help fancying that the heel-tap in my green glass had a very sulphury smell. I left my seat, hastened to the office and made enquiries—no one had seen the old man. I sent for "mine host" and questioned him; he told me that the person had arrived an hour before dinner, and had entered his name as

Rabbi Schneidermichel, from the Red Sea,

that he had just left the house; having paid for his meal and three bottles of Hock, but that no one had discovered what had become of the bottles.

L.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

We were not without our fears when we announced last week that Miss Clifton would bring out at this Theatre the new tragedy in which the papers were unanimous in saying she effected so great a sensation in New Orleans last winter. On Tuesday evening "Anne Boleyn" was for the first time performed to a very good house, and one highly disposed to approve, as was evinced by the hearty greetings with which the fair representative of the heroine was received. The tragedy was more than creditably enacted by the principal characters, and every appointment necessary to its faithful representation was put in requisition. But we are bound to say it was not worthy the pains and trouble taken to give it effect. It is a disjointed, undramatic, unpoetic, stilted production, as totally incapable of becoming effective on the stage as any play we ever saw attempted. The characters are historically so well known that any deviation from the true portraiture, fell upon the minds of the audience as unnatural and distorted. It was a ludicrous scene to see the impetuous, hot tempered king, meekly and patiently listen to the taunts of an enraged girl, and yet more ludicrous, to witness the calm and courteous bearing of this wilful and fiery tyrant toward a youth, who from time to time poured upon the monarch the most violent bits of vituperation ever uttered. The unities are continually marred, anachronisms the most absurd are committed throughout. For instance: there is hardly a scene intervenes between the marriage of the King and Anne, and the condemnation and execution of the Queen. We had read our history differently, and supposed Elizabeth was born meanwhile. However, it is a useless expenditure of time to note the absurdities of this meagre attempt at historical tragedy. There is nothing deserving the name of dialogue in the piece. It is made up of extravagant declamation loosely strung together, and scarcely affords the actor a single opportunity to produce a natural point. There are one or two court scenes which present beautiful tableaux, and besides this shallow merit, we confess ourselves unable to commend any portion of the much-lauded Anne Boleyn.

It was a high compliment to Miss Clifton, that the audience refrained from noisy display of their dissatisfaction, and though to an experienced ear the ominous whisperings and uneasy movements betokened the feelings of the house, yet the curtain fell without any marked demonstration of disapproval. The little applause there was, seemed an expression of joy that at length the play was over.

We sincerely regret that we have felt it our duty to make these hasty strictures on a play to which Miss Clifton has devoted so much time and so much expense. It certainly is highly creditable in her to have attempted the task of bringing forward an unknown play by an unknown author, but why her friends and advisers should have counselled her to throw this leaden weight into the scale against her popularity, is to us a mystery. There are so many characters in which Miss Clifton is sure of success—in which she has achieved again and again such flattering triumphs, that she should deviate from the path of certain victory with extreme caution. Next week, however, we hope to see her resume her wonted line of characters, and as there are few or none, who can enhance the attractiveness of the personation to an equal degree by their personal charms, so there are few who bring to the faithful enactment of a character, a more ambitious desire and intellectual ability to fulfil the requirements of her profession.

Alternating with tragedy, we have had Mrs. Gibbs and Mr. Sinclair in Opera of the English school, and now and then a specimen of Italian music. This evening Mrs. Gibbs invites her friends to her benefit, and presents a bill that arrests the attention, by announcing a new candidate for histrionic fame. Mr. Freer, from London, will make his first appearance in America, in the tragedy of Richard III., and Mrs. Gibbs will play Orpheus in Olympic Devils—both novelties at least, and we hope attractive ones.

On Monday we are to have *La Sylphide*. Monsieur and Madame Taglioni will on that evening attest their claims to the high reputation they are said to enjoy abroad. They will be greeted by a full house, and we most ardently hope our highest expectations may be realized, and that their success may become an inducement to the great Taglioni to visit us the ensuing season.

THE NATIONAL.

We anticipated hearing La Gazza Ladra this week at this house, but it was wisely deemed proper not to attempt this delicious opera until every possible exertion had been made to bring it forward under the most favorable auspices. Ordinarily we should, in common with all lovers of music, have been greatly disappointed, but our impatience has been qualified and quite overcome by the strenuous efforts on the part of the management to give us night after night with all their original freshness, the most popular operas of the day—Cinderella and Amilie. The first has never before

been attempted by the present company, and it was a treat to listen to the well known music, renewed by those who have so completely endeared themselves to us by the exercise of their acknowledged abilities as musicians.

We do not now presume to say when the new opera will be produced, but shall take the liberty to whisper in the ear of the management, that something new must be forthcoming to balance the attractions of the rival house, or the exchequer of the National will be found "as poor as a beggar's purse."

THE BOWERY.

This house gets along swimmingly. Ernest Maltravers has been produced, and seems to have lost none of its attractiveness. Mrs. Shaw's Alice Darvil has been pronounced her most successful personation. Our estimate of her ability corroborates every thing we have heard in her praise.

The manager has found a powerful means of attraction this week in the justly celebrated "Boston Brass Band," consisting of a company of musicians who contrive to produce with wind instruments alone, soft and dulcet music, that Orpheus with his lute might listen to with delight.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

The English stage is in a peculiarly awkward "fix." What will be the result is impossible to say, except that if things continue as they are now "progressing," we shall certainly be the gainers. We may anticipate seeing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern played by two London stars, and the "Waiting-Gentlewoman" in Macbeth, done by some modern Siddons. To the point! Macready has announced that his management of Covent Garden will close with the present season, and he has put forth a programme of performances until that period arrives, viz.

"The Standard Plays as brought out at this Theatre will each be performed once more, i. e. *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*, *Ion*, *The Two Foscari*, *Werner*, and *Virginius*. A new Grand Opera by Rooke, called *Henrique*, or *the Love-Pilgrim*, on 30th April. A new dramatic Romance called *Agnes Bernauer*, the *Maid of Augsburg*, in a few days. The Historical Play of *King Henry the Fifth*, from the text of Shakspeare, will be produced early in June. *Richelieu* will be repeated four times in each week. The *Tempest* and the *Lady of Lyons*, once in every eight days."

This is a *verbatim* copy of Macready's angry bulletin; we admit that he has not been properly supported by the British public, and that he has been cruelly abused as well as insulted by a portion of the London Press. Mr. Macready as an actor is somewhat vain, and decidedly selfish, but as a man he has deserved more consideration than has been bestowed upon him by those who we strongly suspect of being actuated by petty spite. We therefore advise Mr. M. to take a chop with Wallack, or coffee and muffins with Price, and make an engagement with one of them; we guarantee him a hearty and a rapturous welcome, and thousands of dollars in testimony of our assertions. We have a strong presentiment that the affair is already settled—he is sick of English audiences—considers the public and the press alike ungrateful, and exclaims with Coriolanus,

"There is a world elsewhere."

It must be so—it shall be so—it is so; and we are willing to wager any amount not exceeding the price of a bottle of Cliquot, that our prognostications on this head will be realised.

Mr. Bunn, the *amiable* Lessee of Drury Lane, is bringing out an English version of Auber's new opera, *The Lake of the Fairies*, and as his company has been playing to empty benches he has resorted to the unprincipled and dishonest measure of *closing the Theatre* until the opera is ready for production; thereby defrauding the actors, supernumeraries, musicians, and others, of their nightly salaries. We opine that Drury is in no better condition than Covent Garden. The increasing taste for music is the whole and sole cause, and without intending disrespect to the Cockneys, we avail ourselves, as Editors, of the privilege of a quotation from Congreve.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak."

We cannot blame John Bull for preferring Rubini's Othello to Macready's, or Grisi's Desdemona to Helen Faucit's, or Tamburini and Lablache, in the same play, to Vandenhoff and Warde—it is a lost case, and we must therefore come to the unhappy conclusion that in England the Drama is on its last legs.

Requiescat in pace.

At the Haymarket Theatre Power has produced a new Farce, called "*Touch and Take*, or *the Law of Kiss*." It is written by himself—for himself. At the English Opera House two pretty Dramas have been very successful, the one *Angelina de Lis*, the other *Lady Mary Wortley Montague*. What are our managers' agents about, that they don't send out copies of such things? What is the use of steam vessels?

Think of that Master Price!

Vestris, at the Olympic, has four new pieces in full cry. *Doctor Dilworth*—*Izaak Walton*—*Faint heart never won fair Lady*, and *The Garrick*

Fever. Full houses every night. Can do without the Yankees, Eh! Charley! By the by, where's your book?

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF THE LATE JOHN REEVE.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Can I describe the feelings which possessed me on this, the first pilgrimage to the tomb of Momus? "Who shall hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus," and who think of the late "glorious John," and feel melancholy? The retrospection of by-gone hours spent in feasting on his drolleries rise so vividly before the eye, that "he being dead yet speaketh." One is almost persuaded to embrace the faith of the disciples of the maniac Thoms, *alias* Sir William Courtenay, and dwell on the anticipation of beholding him again on earth re-invigorated from his repose. While walking down the avenue of the beautiful church-yard of the Holy Trinity, Brompton—for indeed it must be pronounced beautiful by all who witness it—I could not help exclaiming,

"Mourn, Thalia, mourn, thy loss deplore,
For poor Jack Reeve is now no more."

The village of Brompton, where the subject of this sketch lived and died, has for many years been famed for the residences of "men mighty in their day," and has of late been celebrated for the domiciles of many professors of the *histrionic* art. There lives little Buckstone, surrounded by his amiable and blooming family; 'tis there he has drank deeply of that inspiration which has delighted, and still delights, hundreds of "merrie souls" nightly at the "little theatre in the Haymarket." Here also luxuriates Braham, "the prince of song;" here, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, may be found John Liston (Momus's god-son), the *ci-devant* school-master and tragedian!! here also those talented conductors of "trifles light as air," Dance and Planche dwell; and last, though not least, may be seen with all the hilarity of youth, *Sir Peter Teazle*, the great salmon, *alias* crusty Farren.

The entrance to the church looks more like a beautifully arranged parterre. A delightful grass-plot and sweet flowers, in all their living loveliness, meet the eye on either side, in heavenly contrast to the monumental emblems of departed life. Here may be seen the blue-bell waving gently in the passing breeze; here the gaudy, though splendid, dahlia; here crowds of little white violets looking like "orient pearls" scattered on a green carpet; and here the crysanthum in all its gorgeousness. 'Tis here also that impressive and eloquent service of the dead, of man's likeness to a "flower that cometh forth in the morning, and in the evening is cut down and withereth," is so often heard.

The place of sepulture is on the north side of the church, where I was shown a plain, humble grave, with an yew-tree gracefully spreading its branches o'er the tomb containing "laughter's ever-loving child," as if to shelter him from the "peltings of the pitiless storm." At the head is a simple monumental stone, with this laconic inscription:—

In Memory
of
JOHN REEVE, ESQ.,
Late of the
Theatre Royal, Adelphi,
Obit. January 24th, 1838,
In the Thirty-ninth Year of his Age.

Here (*par parenthese*) is more to point out to the visitors the grave of the son of Thalia, than exists to show the tomb of the son of Melpomene, the departed Kean!! But to return. On this grave did I sit, and was carried away from "meditation among the tombs," to by-gone days, where in my mind's eye, Horatio, did I see "glorious John," with that inimitable nod, and that never-to-be-forgotten wink of the eye which convulsed all. Even the "gods" confessed his power, caught the infection, and laughed "till tears of joy trickled down their brawny cheeks." Never shall I forget taking a Grecian youth, then recently arrived in London, who was attached to the suite of Tricoupi, the Grecian ambassador, to the Adelphi theatre, when Reeve was mellowed in one of his favorite parts; and although not sufficiently conversant with the English language to understand the dialogue, yet every time Reeve made his appearance, he screamed with joy, which attracted the notice of the whole house, and also of the object of his mirth, who gave one of those peculiar winks of the eye which set him in a roar; and at every exit would he keep patting the front of the box and clapping his hands, exclaiming, "When he come again, oh, when he come again?" Methought his personations arose before me. There stood *Billy Taylor*, the gay young fellow; *Daggerwood*, with his imitations; *Cupid*, with his lovely elasticity; *Abrahamides*, the serio-comic hero; *Lord Grizzle*; and, to crown all, *Marmaduke Magog*, the king of the beardless, approaching with his august figure and gigantic staff, to flog the little urchins who, during church-time, were "knuckling down" on the flat tombstones, regardless of the sacredness of the spot; even the heads of the cherubs engraven by the statuary on the various tomb-stones around me seemed to partake of the cachinnatory influence, and their little white puffed faces appeared ready to burst. I was awoke from this reverie by a duplicate of Shakspeare's grave-digger, who aroused me by, "I beg yer pardon, sir, poor John Reeve's no more; I have had some hundreds inquiring for his grave." I gave the man a piece of coin and departed.

A PEEP THROUGH MY OPERA-GLASS.

In spite of the cry against foreign singers and dancers, I have always had a predilection for the Opera. Though strongly wrought on by music, and not insensible to the charms of a *roulade* or *pirouette*, I do not ascribe the pleasure I take in this amusement to composer, *prima donna*, or *danseuse*. Gosh enough to resort to the Temple of Art for the purpose of beholding the *real* life assembled within its walls, I have often turned from the most striking scenes enacted on the area of the stage, to gaze on others not less replete with dramatic interest, performed by the unconscious spectators of the mimic scene. The Italian stage boasts great talent, but the

house, the *salle*, has the exclusive privilege of presenting a real and kaleidoscopic drama;—it has a *morale* peculiar to itself.

No genius less mighty than the immortal bard's could grasp the range of character crowding the benches of box, gallery, and pit. There are seated hoary statesmen, and blushing *debutantes* of the gay world; elderly dowagers, and gallant heirs to fortunes and coronets; peers and apprentices; matrons and courtizans; lords and slaves;—the extremes of the social ladder.

On one of the most fashionable nights of the last season, when Royalty engrossed the attention of the *salle*, the occupants of a retired box attracted my notice,—first, by the youth and beauty of the lady, and then by the renown of her companion. The gentleman was of literary eminence; and had received, in a very striking manner, the impress of his intellectual character. It surprised no one to learn that they belonged to the most metaphysical poet of the day. But the appearance of his companion was, to my mind, of greater interest than that of the poet. Never have I beheld a more delicate countenance; beautiful, fair, and exquisitely gentle, it seemed out of place in the glare of the Opera, and better suited to the house of prayer, or the cell of the *religieuse*.

At the close of the first act my regards were again drawn to their box. It did one's heart good to see with what animation the young lady gazed on the dazzling scene around her. I could have sworn it was her first visit to the Opera. At times, however, her animation seemed too lively; resembling a violent emotion rather than a pleasing sensation of delight. There was something also of melancholy in the smile the father returned to the remarks of his child that puzzled me, until I remembered, that it is the poet's privilege to emit by bodings, or similar awkward reflections, the pleasure of the moment. As I looked, they seemed to have recognized an acquaintance in the box of a noble Duke, the marriage of whose daughter with the young Earl of — had for some time been a subject of conversation. That nobleman was standing beside the betrothed; and towards him the eyes of father and daughter were turned. I had only time to observe that the parties bowed to each other, when the second act commenced.

Between the opera and ballet, the Earl of — entered the box of the poet. The meeting of the gentlemen was most cordial; the young lady appeared embarrassed,—her eyes were fixed constantly on the ground. The arrival of a third person proved no disparagement to the charming group. The handsome, manly features of the Earl contrasted well with the feminine beauty of the lady and the thoughtful countenance of the parent. The Earl soon returned to his party, and before the overture of the ballet was finished Mr. — and his daughter withdrew. The latter seemed to be supported out of the box; and my fears that she was ill were, from what I afterwards learnt, but too well founded. By the newspapers I heard the following week that Mr. — had suffered a heavy bereavement,—his daughter was *no more*. I obtained from a friend the particulars of this melancholy event: and comparing the circumstances with my observations, I found I had seen at the Opera the leading event of the most affecting drama that poet ever penned or the world witnessed.

Mr. — had been tutor to the Earl of —. At the age of seventeen, and after a residence of three years, the young nobleman left the roof of his preceptor for the University. From the University he went abroad, paying but a brief visit to the scene of his earliest studies, and returned from travel to become the star of a brilliant circle, and the successful suitor to the most attractive heiress in St. James's. This interval of pleasure, study, and success, had been passed very differently by Mr. — and his only child. The daughter pined and wasted,—the father watched and mourned. In person Mary was the image of her mother, and it was a matter of no surprise to her friends that she inherited the fatal disease of her parent. Every effort was made to check the progress of consumption;—at times she appeared to rally;—but after the last visit of the Earl to her father (his farewell visit previous to his departure for the continent), the disorder too plainly gained ground. A weary time, spent in fruitless exertions and torturing suspense, ensued; till the distressed father called in the aid of a celebrated physician. This gentleman, well acquainted with the intimate connexion between mind and body, thought he saw in the young invalid a deep and hopeless brooding on some object, prohibited or unattainable. Delicacy prevented inquiry; but real concern for his patient induced him to prescribe change of scene, and the frequent use of the amusements society affords. The father brought her to London. Among other diversions, the Opera promised to be one of the most attractive;—the evening was fixed, a box taken, and the carriage ordered. Among all the equipages thronging the Haymarket on that lovely June evening, none contained so melancholy a party as that of Mr. —. There is something repulsive in conveying disease to the haunt of pleasure for the purpose of obtaining a cure; in the attempt to retard the blow of death by the laughter and merriment of the living. They gained their box; the crowd, the light, the music, produced on nerves already weakened by illness an excitement amounting to ecstasy; and then followed, as if to complete the overthrow of the worn frame, the chilling remembrance of bright and faded hopes. There stood the Earl of —, handsome, excellent as she had ever known him, and beside him his fair and betrothed lady. Then he came near *them*,—he spoke to her father, to herself, in the same unmoved tones in which he had been accustomed to address them, while her own heart was breaking because it dared not, and it would not, tell its grief. That evening brought, on a crisis. The sequel is already told.

On a day not very far distant from the evening we have been describing, a sumptuous wedding and simple funeral were solemnized in a church not far from her Majesty's Theatre.

THE CLAIMS OF AUTHORS TO AN EXTENSION OF COPYRIGHT.

A short interval of parliamentary strife offers a not inappropriate opportunity for the further notice of a subject of vital importance to all parties alike. The narrow-minded ungenerous opposition to Mr. Serjeant Talfour's copyright Bill, so extensively organized last year, is still sought to be kept up, though with manifest feebleness, by the *Times* and other journals.

These opponents of the Bill proceed altogether on the assumption that the public will be best benefited by books being rendered as cheap as possible. But in truth the whole gist of the opposition turns upon a quibbling or a superficial acceptance of the term "cheap." The only real cheapness of any article is to be estimated by the value of the article produced. Cheapness is strictly a relative term, and to confound it with mere lowness of price is ridiculously short-sighted. The smallness of the sum paid for a thing is only one part of the desired bargain, and certainly the least part, because in its effects the least enduring.

It should be recollected that there are many cases in which "a little money is a dangerous thing." The best way to render books truly cheap—that is, greatly valuable to read, at a comparative trifling cost—is to give the original works of authors a fair legal protection. The dearest book a man can possibly buy is a good for nothing one. It causes him to waste his money and time, only to injure his taste, understanding, and feeling,—which he ought to regard beyond all price.

One thing is quite clear—that all those publishers and booksellers who prefer to speculate in the circulation of the lowest priced trash would not in any way, by the proposed law, lose the legal right of continuing to serve "the interest of literature" and their much-mouthing and much-believed "public" by so doing. The question rather is—will anybody call such stuff cheap? Can anybody call the "diffusion" of it a public benefit? "Ah! but," say they, "we also publish standard works of acknowledged value, *when we have nothing to pay for the copyright*. By obtaining an extensive sale at a cheap price, we shall gain as much as if the book sold tolerably well at a dear price: and thus the greatest service will be done to the interests of literature by the diffusion of knowledge among our generous and enlightened public." This attempt to impose upon the public with cant terms is too glaring, and does not in the least degree conceal the simple fact of exclusive private interests. But are not the ultimate consequences of such a system plain to be foreseen? Must not the present law injure and retard the increase of valuable standard works, by having a direct tendency to prevent any author from producing them, unless he happens to be in wealthy or independent circumstances? Of all things books are the last which should be subject to a legislation for present times.

The glib answer by our opponents here, will of course be the fact that fine works have been produced under the existing law; and though produced in almost all cases amidst poverty or very straitened circumstances,—and, when otherwise, still produced at great sacrifice of labor and pecuniary loss to the author,—the public nevertheless reaped the benefit of the work!—they got it somehow, and so did the booksellers—therefore the present law has worked well, and should not be altered! "The principle of the existing law," said Mr. Warburton, in the debate, "was that the value of the work published was to the public *immense*, but to the author *very small*; and he thought that principle was a just one, and one which should not be departed from." But how can there be justice where there is no equality; and how can there be a principle unless it be of general application? Apply this principle to other servitors and benefactors of the public. Apply it to the immense value of the services of the Solicitor-General, who says he has "an invincible repugnance to this proposed bill," and then let us see if he will agree that the value of the work he does should be *very small* as regards his own advantage. Apply this principle to the private cabinet, or to the public stage, and where is the even-handed justice.

"But PROSPERITY!" reply the opponents of the new bill; "those authors who are likely to derive any benefit from its provisions are not to think of mere lucre, like other men; they are to direct their aspirations far higher," &c. &c.; that is—look up at the stars of Futurity while the Present picks your pocket. Whenever an author so far forgets himself (or the world) as to venture a hope for future fame, he is of course treated as a vain fool, or a weak visionary; when he puts on a look of business, and talks about being properly paid for his labor, he is instantly called upon to recollect his immortality!

And here let us see, in more powerful language than ours, and by practical example in cases of indisputable genius, how this precious doctrine works. We have the privilege of laying before the public a petition from the author of the *History of the French Revolution*. It stands pre-eminent among all that have been written or presented on the subject for the integral strength of truth with which the case is stated, and the justice of the great claim enforced. It reduces the question to its simple elements, and elicits conviction in its most powerful forms.

"To the Honourable the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books.

"Humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

"That your petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Book-buyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own and the favor of Heaven.

"That all useful labor is worthy of recompense; that all honest labor is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labor has actually merited may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government, and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men;—a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccuracies that become enormous, unsupportable, and the parent of social confusions which never altogether end.

"That your petitioner does not undertake to say what recompense in money this labor of his may deserve; whether it deserve any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

"That this his labor has found hitherto, in money or monies' worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding

recompense, but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the laborer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

"That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labor at what they can get for it, in all market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and less than this to none.

"That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labor of writing books, to have become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labor; that if he be found in the long run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimated in money; that, on the other hand, if his book prove false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten, and no harm done.

"That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world; his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation), and the world's stake nothing till once it see the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

"That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the game's going in his favor, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no other mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth, or for ever.

"May it therefore please your Honorable House to protect him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at the shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honorable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

"And your petitioner will ever pray,

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

We shall be told that the principle embodied in this forcible and very beautiful statement is not that of the Bill, which it prays the enactment of. It is not necessary that it should be so. Mr. Talfourd's Bill is avowedly a compromise, and as a compromise men of letters are willing to accept it. They do not therefore surrender their faith in the justice of their original claim to a perpetuity of copyright—a claim sanctioned by the old common law of England, and never disputed, as the author of this very Bill has convincingly shown, till Literature and literary men had received a fatal present in the first Act of Parliament on the subject, passed in 1709. In the same spirit, we rejoice to have to add, Mr. Walter Savage Landor throws the aid of his great genius and his high name, on the side of the supporters of this Bill. His friend Mr. Southey supports it on similar grounds, and so with their common friend Mr. Wordsworth. Most eloquently does Mr. Landor observe in *his* petition, which we are also able to lay before the public—

"That your petitioner would represent to your Honorable House his strong persuasion that no property is so entirely, and purely, and religiously a man's own as what comes to him immediately from God, without intervention or participation. It is the eternal gift of an eternal being; and to interfere in any way with its benefits and blessings appears to your petitioner unbecoming and unjust.

"Your petitioner, therefore, humbly submits to your Honorable House that no Legislature has a right to confine its advantages to a thousand, or ten thousand years, or to give them away to any person or persons whatsoever, to the detriment of an author's heirs, after any number of ages.

"And your petitioner offers the less reluctantly these observations to your Honorable House, since he himself proposes no advantages to his descendants from any of his literary works, all which he has consigned and left in perpetuity to the discretion of a learned friend."

It has been urged in reproach to the supporters of the Bill, that few literary men have chosen to present themselves to the public in support of it—and not so was this in Prussia, its opponents have added, where, in consequence of a really strong desire on the subject pervading the literary class, an extensive and well grounded copyright law has just been passed.

But in the arguments urged against the Bill at its last discussion, we may discern an element of success more potent still. The Solicitor-General, who enabled us to perceive the profundity of his ideas of intellect and moral philosophy, by his remarks on Paley's *Natural Theology*, thought it wise to ask "how it had been attempted to show grounds for the passing of this Bill;" and as wise to answer, "that this was effected by stating the anomalous case of Mr. Wordsworth." Now in the effort to perplex and ridicule all authors' claims by the use of the term "anomalous" in an individual instance, Mr. Solicitor has exactly presented us with one of the best words that could have been selected, for it may be universally applied to the case of all authors of genius. The anomalous case of Walter Savage Landor, or of Thomas Carlyle, &c. is, we think, tolerably apparent; the soul-reproaching list of illustrious names, of the living and dead, being headed by Mr. Wordsworth only because he is the most prominent living instance of an author who has derived so very little emolument from his fine works, yet has existed long enough to see a great profit about to be produced to the book-sellers and the public, in which neither he nor his family can claim the most trifling share. Anomalous indeed!

We have heard it suggested that when a hero returns from his glorious wars, the way to render his name deserving of all fame, and to be handed down to posterity as the purest of patriots, is to cut off his head. This would save his country the burden of his reward and pension, as well as prevent his interfering in state matters on camp-principles, to say nothing of the multiplied expense of pensioning his rising and generally increasing family. It is Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, however, who objects to all such views; on the score of their being revolting to every English feeling of gratitude and generosity towards those who have done good service to their country, and as every one will recollect, he put the relative claims of the poets and heroes in a very fair shape before us, when speaking in his eloquent address to the House, of the petition of William Wordsworth.

Indignantly repelling the sordid argument that there was no necessity for an extension of copyright, because without such encouragement, gifted poets have already been found ready to devote their powers amidst neglect and scorn to the highest and purest aims—Mr. Talfourd continued, with admirable feeling—

"I should like to hear the indignation and the scorn which would be expressed towards any one who should venture to suggest that the impulses which had led to heroic deeds were ones without reward; that the love of country and glory would always lead to similar actions; and that, therefore, out of regard to the public, we ought to withhold all reward from the conqueror. And yet the case of the poet is the stronger, for we do not purpose to reward him out of any fund but that which he himself creates—from any pockets but from those of one whom he individually blesses—and our reward cannot be misapplied when we take time for our arbitrator and posterity for our witnesses."

Now that a certain faction among the paper-makers, pressmen, ink-makers, bookbinders, and others connected with no one part of the "literature" or the "knowledge," about which they make such a ridiculous talk, should thus have uplifted their voices, is a fact that marks the "spirit of the time" with one of the most preposterous features it can boast.—Why, the fable of the belly and the members is nothing to this fact; that is the wild rebellion of hands, legs, shoulders, coats, hats, breeches, shoes, beef, blacking, soap, and plum-pudding, aided and abetted by the "genius" of locomotion, against the very head and brain of mankind! Surely the great amount of intelligence which is well known to exist among the entire body of the mechanics, is attempted to be brought into very equivocal repute by this fraction of them who assume such superiority over the rest—and over all literature—by the showing of their petition!

One subject in connection with this debate we cannot avoid noticing in conclusion. How many have even a voice in the elections! We should rather ask how few—how very few. Scantly as the interest of authors is represented, let us add, the very terms in which a little consideration is awarded have often the effect of proceeding from grudging and repugnant feelings on the part of the speakers. Not with such repugnance did the liberal mind of Mr. Baines regard the question; "It was on public grounds, alone," he said, "that he was anxious that the law should remain unaltered; it was not from any disinclination to give authors what they might be considered fairly entitled to, that he opposed this measure." You don't say so, Mr. Baines!—can so much justice and liberality really exist in the world with regard to such outcasts from social feeling and legal protection! Here is an eccentric gentleman who actually has no disinclination to give authors what they may be fairly entitled to. Now, as this is almost the same as having no inclination to withhold from authors what they are fairly entitled to, they may perhaps begin to entertain a few shadowy hopes of a certain degree of prospective justice.

Mr. Warburton's view was different. He opposed the bill on private grounds. He said it was "an author's bill!" Think of that!—the idea of authors having a bill in parliament, stating grievances and praying for redress! He said, "It was such a bill as, in his opinion, would be likely to proceed from parties who were interested in its being carried!" Incredible impropriety!—the authors of England absolutely taking an interest in their own affairs—getting a petition brought before parliament—and wishing their bill to be carried! What is, and what ought to be, the object of a Factory Bill, but a bill for the benefit of very scantily represented youthful factors, which all the parties concerned in it wish to carry, and which all justice and humanity call aloud upon legislators to carry and bring within the protection of law! What is the object of all bills, but the redressing of grievances and the correction of wrongs, to the furtherance of a larger amount of justice to particular classes who are not fairly treated by the rest of the public, viz. all the other classes! Mr. Warburton, and other opponents of this bill, complain that the public is not sufficiently considered; that the interests of the poor public are endangered; and they make weak, anomalous talk about the thing as if the public was a most feeble, helpless, and dull-eyed monster. But the public is in reality full of strength and sharp-sightedness, and very able to take care of itself upon most occasions of individual buying and selling.

The English public has long since learned, at all events, to entertain a thorough disgust for canting clap-trap words intended to catch the ears, and cajole the sense; and whatever the Solicitor-General and the Mechanics' Institute may think of the question, we, the public, can very clearly distinguish between the interests of "literature," and the interests of "printing;" between the diffusion of "knowledge" and the diffusion of "paper."

THE COUNTRY BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF SUMMER MORNINGS.

When I sprung up to dress, how light and nimble were my limbs. O! at that age one does not feel the heaviness of the earth of which we are made. Our bodies seem only spirit and life; they are ready to leap; to fly; to see all, do all, enjoy all that the glad world has to present before them; and weariness and sleep only come together, and come then with a sweetness to which our very pleasures in after years have no pretence. When up I jumped, and threw open that little casement; what an elysium lay before me! The sun shining, the birds singing; the soft air coming breathing in—so balmy, so full of freshness and flowery odours! and all around, the dews glittering on the grass and leaves; the thin mists floating up from the distant meadows; the brook in the valley running on glistening in the sun; the upland slopes seeming to smoke in the morning light; and the lowing of cattle, and the cheerful voices of passing people, giving a life to the whole that made me eager to be down, and out of doors. Every day I rose earlier and earlier in the cheerful, pure, dewy, sunny mornings, and every day discovered some new wonder. There were green herbs shooting up under every hedge; then there came out early flowers; violets, blue and white violets, all along the banks as sweet and as beautiful as if they had been planted in the night by angels from heaven. Then came primroses,—O, those dear, old-fashioned, pallid, and faintly-smelling flowers! They have been loved by every generation for a thousand years,

and shall be for a thousand more to come;—there they were, peeping out—one, two, three,—on some mossy old bank, in some deep, briery lane;—there again, they stood in a glowing cluster! Then we saw them brightening in thousands the steep side of an old wood; and as the meadows grew green, out came the golden cowslips scattered all over them; and the beautiful anemones, and the blue-bells, and a hundred other flowers that are pursued with triumphant hearts, and gathered and carried home, till, at length, the fields were covered by the advancing year with such a multitude of blossoms that their novelty was lost in their splendor, and we left them alone.

Other than country boys, young or old, might take a lesson from the following—

A DOGGED LECTURE.

Well, thou art a shaggy and funny-looking animal, sure enough! and as sure as thy ears have a lynxish look, and thy open mouth shows eagerness, and thy eyes, and thy whiskers, and thy grey bundle of a body, are full of a laughter-stirring queeriness, so surely hast thou an honest heart, thou old-fashioned beast! Sleep, child, in confidence, Trim, or Tray, or Tinker, or whatever be his name, and it is one of them, will let no harm come nigh thee. Scarcely a wasp, or a bee, or a cockchafer, will have leave to buzz near thee. I would trust my only child in thy keeping, honest old soul! Why, as I look again at thy grey and watchful visage, even while I am ready to burst with laughter at it, it brings all sorts of stories of dog-faithfulness to my mind; stories of mountains and wildernesses, of seas, and regions of long night and frost, where thy four-footed brethren have long signalled their fidelity to men. Lionheartedness! 'tis a great word, and forever sounded in our ears, but what is it after all to dogheartedness! a word that to three-fourths of our wise men would seem to indicate nothing but what is mean and ignoble. Lionheartedness! poh! what have these lions ever done for mankind in comparison to thee, honest Tinker! When did a lion watch a sleeping child! When did a lion defend the house, the chamber, the peace and life of his master! From the king's coach to the carrier's waggon, is it the lion or the dog that is the champion of its safety, fearing no man, however monstrous, or death, however cruel! 'O! but there was Androcles!' said I. 'Ah, that is a fine story, Will, if it be true,' said the old gentleman. 'A lion that showed gratitude, and followed the fortunes of its benefactor, verily I am afraid it is a fable; but true or false, for one lion in the history of the world a million dogs are following their masters every day, and that with no servile spirit, nay, with no cause for gratitude, but often for the mere wages of thumps and bangs, as if destined to exercise the very highest spirit of philosophy, and return good for evil, like true Christians themselves!'

Lionheartedness!—for one lion that has obeyed his keeper, how many have bitten off their heads! I say, then, away with lionheartedness, and dogheartedness for me! I tell thee again, Tinker, thy honest phiz brings wondrous things to my mind. Gough, on the mountains of Helvellyn, wasting in the winds, and his dog wasting by his side in unconquerable fidelity; the wolf and the bloody cradle of Beth Gelet; the dog of Montargis, and the dogs of the great St. Bernard, are all before me,—more lionhearted than any lions I ever yet heard of.

DEATH OF NOURRIT.

This great singer terminated his brilliant career by suicide, on the 8th of this month, at Naples. The refusal of the Neapolitan censorship to permit the performance of *Polyucte*, composed by Donizetti expressly for his debut in that city, preyed upon his mind; and his feelings, it is said, were wounded by humiliating demands made upon him by Barbaja, the manager of the theatre of San Carlo. On the evening of the 7th he appeared in the part of *Pollio*, in *Norma*, for the benefit of one of the performers. At the end of his duet with Signora Granchi, two or three hisses were heard, which were immediately drowned in loud acclamations of applause from every part of the house, and he was afterwards called for by the audience, but he did not appear. On returning home he retired to his chamber, but continued to walk about till three in the morning. He then sat down and wrote his will and several letters, among which was one to his wife, and another to M. Casimir Perier, after which he went out of the room. Madame Nourrit, alarmed at his absence, got up to seek him, and looking out at the window, saw his lifeless body lying in the court-yard below. He had thrown himself from the window, four stories from the ground. Nourrit's character as a vocalist is known to the whole musical world. As a man he was loved and respected by all who knew him; and his loss, in the vigor of life and full possession of his transcendent powers, will be universally regretted.

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE CORSAIR;

A GAZETTE OF LITERATURE, ART, DRAMATIC CRITICISM, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

N. P. WILLIS and T. O. PORTER propose to issue weekly, in the City of New-York, a paper of the above designation and character. It is their design to present as amusing a periodical as can be made from the current wit, humor, and literature of the time: to collect the spirit not only of English, but of French and German belles lettres: to give dramatic criticisms with vigilant impartiality and care: in short to picture the age in its literature and fashion, its eccentricities and amusements.

As the piratical law of copy-right secures to them, free of expense, the labors of BELWER and BOZ, SCRIBE and BALZAC, with the whole army of foreign writers, they cannot at present (consistently with the pocket wisdom so well understood by American Publishers) offer any thing for American productions. Their critical department, however, will be always on the alert for native literature, and to the best of their ability they will keep a running gauge of the merits of compatriot authors.

THEY see their way very clearly without crowding upon the track of any weekly periodical, and abstaining from more particular professions, they take leave to assure their friends, that if the harvest of event, wit, genius and poetry, fall not over the world, they can hardly fail to furnish them with an agreeable paper.

New-York, January 3, 1839.

TERMS, Five Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

N. B. The Editors do not contemplate establishing permanent agencies, preferring to risk the few casualties of the mail, and they invite their friends to address them directly through this medium. But they will allow a commission of 20 per cent, to those agents or canvassers, who transmit, with the name and residence of the subscriber, the amount of one year's subscription, deducting the commission.

E. L. GARVIN, PRINTER.